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A WEEK'S ADVENTURES AT PATCHUNG SAN.

PROLOGUE.

'A GOODLY vessel did I then espy
Come like a giant from a haven broad;
And lustily along the bay she strode,
Her tackling rich, and of apparel high.' — WORDSWORTH.

Two hundred miles from the coast of the Celestial Empire rises from the bosom of the ocean a group of islands whose beauty is scarcely surpassed by the most romantic of Pacific scenery. Emerald isles are they, verdant as they are with the rich variegated green of tropical vegetation; their hills crowned with waving forests; their valleys carpeted with velvety herbage, and tufted with aromatic shrubs; even their defiles festooned with drooping vines, and their rugged cliffs mosaic-wrought with mosses. Here and there bold headlands push themselves defiantly into the deep, and invite, undismayed, the charge and shock of Ocean's billowy squadrons. Between them grassy slopes descend to the shores, and restive brooks leap down the stony channels to hush their noisy babble in the sea. Around each island of the group, as if to defend its soil against the encroachment of the waves, extend long, irregular barriers of coral-reef, upon which the white foaming surges have disported themselves for ages. Happy isles! how freshly the sun-light gleamed upon their rounded summits, their leafy vales, their tree-sprinkled headlands, when first my eager eye surveyed the scene.

It was one Saturday afternoon, four years ago, that I found myself approaching the Madjicosimas. We had left the coast of China a few days before, had skirted the northern shore of Formosa, and now, with every sail set, were wafting gently along before a light breeze toward our hitherto unknown haven. We had sighted the islands in the morning far off on the distant horizon, resting upon the sea like dim blue clouds. As we neared them, they seemed approaching us to meet half-way with cordial welcome their visitors from the haven of the West.

Already we could distinguish with the telescope the picturesque outlines of hill, valley, and forest, upon the different islands. Presently the scenery displayed its beauties to the naked eye, the vales mapping themselves out before us ; the mountains towering above us ; the trees waving their hospitable boughs as if to shake hands with us ; the channels between the islands opening for us a watery path like the labyrinthine aisles of the forest. To the most prominent and beautiful of the group our ship wended her way ; and, as she rounded to in a spacious harbor, half-embayed among the coral-reefs, startled the echoes of Patchungshan, the 'Eight Huge Hills,' with the sound of her plunging anchor and rushing chain.

What errand had brought a ship of war bristling with the implements of death, to this peaceful spot ? Bloody work upon the high seas ! The crowded Chinese passengers of a California emigrant-ship, alone upon the ocean, beyond the ken of aught but the all-seeing eye of God, had risen upon the officers and crew of the ill-fated bark. Five only were spared, and required by the murderers to navigate the vessel back to China. They reached in safety the Madjicosima group, where the ship was driven ashore on a reef, and the coolies resolved to disembark. The survivors of the crew, exhausted with watching and labor, were compelled to man the only remaining boat, and ferry the conspirators ashore. Wearily they plied their oars to and fro, until but a score of the coolies remained on board. Upon these the sailors determined to wreak a portion of the vengeance due to their crime, and summoning the energy of desperation, attacked them, unmindful of the fearful odds. The strife was brief and terrible. The assailants were successful. The mutineers were overpowered and lashed to the ring-bolts in the deck. Having secured their captives, the sailors ran to the braces, the yards swung round, the sails backed, and started the grounded ship from her position, the swell lifted her, she thumped upon the reef, grazed, thumped, grazed again, and slowly slid from her coral resting-place afloat, afloat ! One took the helm, the others manned the well-known ropes, and speedily the ship, proud of her liberty, was dancing over the blue waves, and dashing the spray from her prow. The landed coolies yelled, stormed, ran up and down on the beach with impotent rage ; but neither their prayers nor imprecations were heard. By night-fall the receding ship was far at sea, and in the gathering darkness was lost on the distant horizon. Four days and nights of anxious, sleepless watching, the worn-out voyagers, with scarce strength to drag their emaciated limbs along the deck, stood by the helm, trimmed the swelling sails to the breeze, or stood sentry over their prisoners. Many times did the latter gnaw at their fastenings, and threaten a tragedy like the first, but were as often re-secured. At last, faint with exhaustion, grateful for their deliverance from the twofold dangers of the passage, they reached the city of Amoy, China, where their turbulent captives were handed over to the safer custody of the Chinese prison. An English brig-of-war, then lying in the roads, espoused the cause of justice, visited the islands, and captured a few more of the refugees. Upon her return to the coast, our gallant ship spread her wings like a bird of prey for a second swoop among the devoted mutineers.

Our interpreter learned from the authorities of Patchungshan, that nearly three hundred of the coolies still remained on the island. For these the kind-hearted natives had erected near the shore long, capacious buildings of thatched palm, in which they had lived until the arrival of the brig, when they dispersed among the hills to avoid capture. After her departure, they again collected at their huts, whence they had again fled in terror at sight of a second warlike visitant approaching their guilty abode.

DAY THE FIRST: SUNDAY.

'HAIL! holy light! offspring of HEAVEN first-born!' — MILTON.

THE morning sun rose in a cloudless sky. The island, with all its beauties of hill and valley, mountain gorge, and sloping lawn, and orchard-like forest, lay calmly at rest, with scarce a breath of wind to disturb its repose. The surrounding ocean gave back from its unruffled surface the exquisite picture; as once the soul of man, undisturbed by the storms of passion, reflected, pure and spotless, the glorious image of its MAKER. It would have been in accordance with all the outward influences of such a Sabbath, had some New-England church, with its mellow-toned bell, and its simple, hallowed service, been transplanted to this Pacific garden, to be occupied by the humble worshippers of the only true God. But it was not so. Other scenes than the sacred observances of the sanctuary were enacted. Other sounds were heard than those that echo up through the listening vaults of Heaven from the church-spire. On shore, hid in the thickets, lurking in the caverns, housed in the villages, were the scattered mutineers, careless of aught but to escape the hand of justice; while the natives, ignorant alike of God and His Sabbath, were pursuing their ordinary avocations in the field, the shop, or mountain-path. On board ship, instead of the sacred repose, the grateful worship, the contemplation appropriate to holy time, the air resounded with the din, and bustle, and turmoil of warlike preparation. The minutiae of equipment and drill necessary to the organization of a land expedition, the complex labors of commissariat and kitchen, the planning and scheming of the appointed officers, altogether presented such a Babel of employment as might resemble the week-day exercises of the polytechnic school, or the gymnasium, rather than the Sabbath of a Christian ship. On the quarter-deck the commanders of divisions were mustering their men; sergeants and corporals were putting an 'awkward squad' of sailors through the manual, quarter-gunners were distributing muskets, pistols, pikes, cutlasses, according to the orders of the day. Forward by the fore-castle, those who had been chosen for the service were over-hauling their clothes-bags, and selecting the various articles of their neat, simple uniform, to be worn on the coming occasion. At the arm-chests the gunner and his crew were busily at work re-burnishing their murderous implements, filling cartridge-boxes, reinspecting gun-locks and powder-flasks. Not far off were seated the sail-maker's gang, making haversacks of canvas. Here and there between the guns was a marine re-touching his snow-white belt, or polishing his bayonet; a sailor, skilful in needle-craft, making

or mending some necessary article of apparel ; a shrewd old salt, mindful of the night's fatigue, stretched at full length in the luxury of an anticipatory nap ; a stripling novice now first drafted into active service, indulging delicious reveries of the romantic dangers and chivalric deeds in store for him ; while rejected volunteers, glowering with sullen disappointment, stroll to and fro aloof from their jubilant comrades, gazing idly over the bulwarks, and vowing eternal indifference to the whole undertaking. Below, on the berth-deck, equally momentous operations are in progress. At the galley, hurrying cooks and Ethiopian scullions are dancing smutty attendance upon the baking, toasting, boiling, sputtering, sizzling rations ; the clouds of steam and hissing flames more easily suggesting the home fireside of Apollyon than the cooking-range of an American man-of-war. Near by, the purser's steward, and his handy minion, the 'Jack-of-the-dust,' weigh out, from well-stowed, gunny-bags, the necessary amount of hard bread for the departing forces, whose proclivities to stomachic refreshment are scarcely inferior to their appetite for fighting. Nor has the contagion spared the steerage and ward-room. Here, too, the warlike note is heard and answered by the stir and excitement of preparation.

Thus passed the blessed hours ; but beguiled of all their blessedness. A Sabbath in a man-of-war ! Little dream the sturdy, old-fashioned church-goers at home, amid the propitious influences of a land where they enjoy the inherited

'Freedom to worship God,'

how different the day on ship-board, under the blight of that oft-repeated maxim : 'No Sabbath off soundings.'

At nine in the evening, under cover of the darkness, the armament commenced landing. Before mid-night the whole force was under march for the interior. The mutineers had fled over the hills, and through the woods, among the rocks, caves, and mountain-passes, up the valleys, and across the fields, in all directions, whither stern fear urged them, 'with winged footsteps,' or hope held out to them the promise of a shelter. But over the hills, and through the woods, among the rocks, caves, and mountain-passes, up the valleys, and across the fields, like the avenging spirit of restless Cain, followed justice in hot pursuit. We will not lift the veil of night to peer after the retreating fugitives, or watch the stealthy approach of their relentless pursuers. Let the darkness cover the fright of the one, and the weary toil of the other.

DAY THE SECOND: MONDAY.

'You are my prisoner, Sir!' — OLD PLAY.

As the morning dawn emerged from obscurity, and the shades of night dissolved in the glory of approaching day, the gathering divisions, fatigued with the march, and the unwonted duty, came forth with their captives from forest and defile, and met upon a cleared plateau, gently sloping toward the rising sun, where they bivouacked for a time to take their morning meal, and repose their weary limbs on the seductive sward.

On ship-board every eye was landward, every one was on the alert, in anticipation of their return. The whole visible surface of the island was frequently and eagerly swept with the glasses from one extreme to the other, from the highest summit to the sea. We wondered whether they had penetrated into the interior; whether they had surprised the mutineers, and made them an easy prey; or had overtaken them, acting on the defensive, and fighting had ensued; whether they had succeeded in taking any; whether they had themselves met with any accident or loss.

About noon the little armament was descried wending its way to the shore along one of the crooked paths that conveyed toward the bay. Have they any prisoners? There certainly seem to be more than the one-hundred-and-twenty who left the ship. Are the others coolies, or only natives attracted by the military display? They must be, yes, they must be captives, for they are closely guarded. The telescope presently revealed to us the success of the invasion; the careless, straggling march, the dejected appearance, the strict vigilance of their escort, plainly told the tale of the additional fifty. On reaching the shore, the prisoners were put in one of the long palm-thatched huts, under charge of a sufficient guard, until preparation could be made for them on board the ship. The troops reëmbarked, and spent the remainder of the day in recovering from the fatigues of their busy night, and recounting to their wondering shipmates marvellous tales of prowess and feats of arms.

D A Y T H E T H I R D : T U E S D A Y .

'ONE night came on a hurricane, the sea was mountains rolling,
One BARNEY BUNTLINE turned his quid, and said to BILLY BOWLINE:
A strong sou'wester's brewing, BILLY, do n't you hear it roar now?
Lord help me! how I pity all unhappy folks on shore now!'—SEA SONG.

A FRESH breeze came dashing over the water, and a frolicking retinue of white caps came tumbling into the bay, by way of opening the programme of this day's entertainment. The sky was of the deepest, clearest blue, flecked here and there with snow-white trade-clouds, and the air so limpid that the most distant objects were brought out in vivid relief to the eye. As the sun rose in the Heavens the wind rose too, and whistled many a lively blast through the rigging: the sea rose too, and played many a mad prank under the bows, along the chains, and around the rudder; yet neither wind nor sea so violently as to interrupt the flying boats which were conveying orders and provisions to the party on shore. In the last boat which pushed off from the gang-way that morning, undeterred by the signs of the times—the increasing gale, the mustering clouds, the falling barometer—two luckless young members of navydom started for a bath and a gambol among the streams, valleys, and hills of the island. Unhappy wights! how were our calculations baffled, our venturesome mettle tested, our poetical ideas of South-Sea romance put to flight! We were not long in reaching the shore, sprinkled a wee bit on the way thither by the spray from the oars. The prisoners first claimed our attention as we walked up from the beach to their place of confinement. Poor scamps! there they were, fifty of them, young and old, strong and feeble, all together on the earth-floor

of the building, whose thatched roof shielded them from the heat of the sun, while its open sides admitted the cool, fresh breeze. The more hardened and defiant among them were in double irons, the weaker were only manacled; the sick and the boys were at large. A few were in a pitiable condition, exhausted by the long march from the hills, sickening and dying with that fearful scourge of the East-Indies, the dysentery. Some appeared completely stunned by the calamity which had overtaken them, and lay prostrate on the earth, heedless of all that was passing around. A few hard-faced wretches, who were afterwards identified as among the ringleaders of the conspiracy, sat bolt upright amid the dreary scene of misery, reckless of the crime, and scornfully indifferent to its retribution. One little boy, some ten years of age, especially attracted our notice. He was lying on the ground covered with a tattered mat, his Mongolian features and slender form wasted with disease, the last ray of hope fled from his boyish face, his dripping tears telling more plainly than words how despair had settled down on his young heart, how he dreaded lest indiscriminate vengeance should overwhelm the innocent with the guilty. Poor little Ayò! few of the enjoyments of life had he ever known in his pauper home at Aiamun; that life itself should be utterly quenched in the agony of an undeserved death was a terrible wo.

The freshening breeze piped and whistled over the grass-grown hills as we left the camp for a stroll. It was an interesting country to us whose long incarceration within wooden walls had only been relieved by the monotony of sights and sounds in the celestial empire, where sights and sounds, fashions and modes of life, are as changeless as the laws of the Medes and Persians. We strayed leisurely from place to place, peeped into the bat-tenanted cave on the point, made morning calls on the simple-hearted natives in their neatly-thatched huts, climbed a crag for a view of the landscape, visited the deserted temple that stood near the shore, whose Dragons had fallen from the crumbling altar, whose devotees brought no more oblations of smoking incense.

By noon we were weary of walking, and returned to the caravanseraï of captives and guard, hoping for a boat from the ship. No boat came. The wind increased. The sky was overcast, and thick masses of scud were driving athwart the heavens. The horizon wore that murky, hazy appearance which always betokens a storm. As the day passed, and the gale freshened, we began to fear our prospects of getting on board were growing 'small by degrees and beautifully less.' Many times did we sally forth to the brow of a neighboring hillock to scan the weather and calculate the chances. The last time we went it was blowing harder, and the rain came driving furiously through the air. 'Well!' said my companion, after a deliberate survey of the surroundings, 'our prospects for the night are rather damp any where — ashore or afloat; and for aught I see, we are fated to a longer visit than we intended on this romantic island with the jaw-cracking name.' A semi-acquiescent groan was the only answer I felt in the mood to vouchsafe for this agreeable piece of intelligence. 'The next question,' continued he, 'is, where we shall 'put up' for the night;' and quite at our ease, in spite of the raging elements, we discussed this important

point with mature deliberation. Neither of the buildings formerly occupied by the coolies would we enter, that was certain ; nor did we know what venomous neighbors might intrude on our dreams if we appropriated either of the two comfortable little huts near them, whose tenants were absent. On the other side of the camp stood a picturesque lodge on the brow of a slight eminence overlooking the bay. To this promised shelter we bent our steps. Alas ! the poor lodge was out of repair. Its ragged thatch afforded no barrier to the piercing rain. 'A fig for Patchungshan accommodations ! we must make one after all !' Famous architects were we. Our hands in the art of house-making were guided by a 'zeal not according to knowledge ;' and a hut most unique, and somewhat amorphous in proportions, grew up under our auspices. It would have puzzled wiser heads than ours to decide which of the architectural orders — or disorders — presided over its erection. Unlike the graceful church spire 'pointing its finger to heaven,' the angles and gables of our sorry domicile sprangled in every conceivable direction. The thatch borrowed for our roof from the ruined lodge, like the Irishman's imperturbable shanghai 'would n't lay.' The boughs we cut from neighboring trees acted as if the island dryads had bewitched them, starting from the embryo hut, and frisking through the air just as if they had a perfect right to do as they pleased. Several times the rushing tempest made quixotic assaults on our growing dormitory, which threatened to result very differently from the knightly charge on the wind-mill. At last, however, human skill triumphed, as usual, over the reluctant elements, and the new hut was inaugurated in spite of the driving blast. Having thickly bestrown the interior with rice-straw supplied by the kind natives, we went to house-keeping at once ; in other words, buried ourselves in the straw 'to sleep, perchance to dream.' Alas for all mundane expectations ! Half an hour sufficed for the experiment. We lay with dogged resolution till the drenching torrents had penetrated the roof, and small Danubes and Mississippis were trickling over us in every direction, deep enough to float a Lilliputian navy. It was hard playing a forced game with a poor hand against a hurricane ; and meekly 'owning up,' we tabernacled for the remainder of the night in the hut where were quartered the marines. Down in one corner, burrowed in a pile of straw, in positions seldom assumed by human legs, heads, and arms, except as the result of a Norwalk tragedy or a steam-boat explosion, we ensconced ourselves, as far as possible from the chilling wind and rain. 'Ah ! what a fall was there, my countrymen !' from our nice, comfortable swinging-cots and hammocks on board ship, to a heap of straw in a crazy hut on shore, whose rickety rafters were groaning and creaking under the furious pressure of the hurricane. Thus passed the night, slowly, slowly.

DAY THE FOURTH: WEDNESDAY.

'BREAK, break, break,
On thy cold gray stones, O Sea !' — TENNYSON.

AN incident or two helped to beguile the dragging hours, while in the cold, wet, and darkness, we awaited the tardy morning in hope that the

gale would abate, and we be restored to our floating home. Just after midnight a rumor came flying through the camp that the coolies among the mountains, desperate with hunger and exposure to the storm, were coming down to dislodge the guard, and reoccupy their former quarters. Preparation was at once made to receive them. We resolved if they did come a battle should be fought that would put to the blush all such pigmy skirmishes as Thermopylæ or Chapultepec, and would reflect on the annals of Patchungsan a blaze of glory. It was a false alarm. Our sudden bravery collapsed. We laid aside our harness, and subsided again into the straw. Again were we startled from our benumbing drowsiness by the sudden outcry of a rough old salt: 'There's a son-of-a-gun hanging himself!' Yes, one of the prisoners, tired of life, afraid of the fearful reckoning to come, for the crime of which he had been, perhaps, rather a witness than an accomplice, had attempted, with the long folds of his turban, to bring his misery to an end. He was cut down, and persuaded to resume his earthly existence. Toward morning the hurricane, veering to another point of the compass, assailed our frail tenement in a new direction, and threatened to bury us all in one common heap. A few well-set props arrested its fall, though in humble imitation of its great prototype, the tower of Pisa, it exhibited an unmistakable leaning toward mother Earth. With all our care, however, the poor building could not maintain its integrity: some large holes had been forced in the walls, and through these the wind shrieked and yelled most appallingly.

Thus the night dragged slowly onward, and morning approached. With the first intimation of returning day, we were out in the storm, and peering across the foaming waters for the ship. Poor old hulk! she had spent the night as uncomfortably as ourselves. Every thing was down from aloft, topmasts housed, lower yards on deck. With three anchors a-head, she was tugging and surging at her heavy chains, sometimes curvetting proudly over the enormous billows that swept into the bay; sometimes plunging headlong into them and burying herself in dense clouds of whirling foam. Astern, at a distance, so small as to suggest the most fearful possibilities, stretched the long, irregular line of reefs on which the waves were thundering with terrific force. If her cables should part! Ah! the good FATHER in Heaven forbid!

The day wore on. How slowly the hours came and went. How tardily the loitering minutes crept over the great disk of time. How fiercely howled and stormed the pitiless hurricane. How inexorable the murky sky: how gloomy the dark scud shooting across it.

Toward noon we began gratefully to observe the prognostics of returning fair weather. The squalls came less frequently; the rain poured less violently; the black Heavens grew here and there translucent; the general force of the tempest began to diminish. In the afternoon the rain entirely ceased, and though the fitful gale continued to blow, we took advantage of its abatement to stretch our weather-beaten limbs by a stroll among the neighboring hills, a visit to the temple, a search for shells on the beach. Finding the tide at its ebb, we pursued our quest on the inner reefs, out of reach of the surf. A few handfuls of beautiful spotted cowries rewarded the venture, and we in-

trusted them to the keeping of the little Chinese boy who followed us. The shell-fish made a choice supper for our hungry little attendant when we returned to camp. But alas! for our conchological hopes! the repast ended; the shells were thrown away, Poor ignorant celestial! how shamefully his mother neglected his early education when she omitted so important a branch of zoology!

The natives, who had been very kind and attentive to our wants, re-modeled and thatched our forlorn dormitory, and made it a comfortable tenement for the night. Therein we bestowed ourselves under more favorable auspices than before, and in due time the cold realities of Patchungsan had vanished amid the fantasies of dream-land.

DAY THE FIFTH: THURSDAY.

'WHENCE and what art thou, execrable shape?' — MILTON.

'TUMBLE out there, sleepers! a boat is coming!' The grateful summons started us to our feet, and made the transition a sudden one from slumbrous oblivion to life. It took but a single glance to perceive the rising sun, and the approaching boat, whose dipping oars glistened in the light. It took but a single moment to complete our toilette by shaking off the few straws that adhered to our jackets. We met the boat at the beach, and in a very short time our feet were again on the decks they were wont to tread. A forlorn pair of bipeds we! Our thin white summer clothing, that looked so snowy and unblemishable when we left the ship two mornings ago, now starchless, drenched, bedraggled, variegated with hyena stripes and leopard spots of all hues and sizes, and of curious patterns not to be matched in Brussels or Birmingham. A decidedly abnormal condition of humanity; but an hour's rejuvenation in our rooms below produced such a complete metamorphosis as to endanger our faith in personal identity. In fact, what with the bath, the dressing case, the glossy shirt and exquisite collar, the tapering pants and anchor-buttoned jacket, we were almost enabled to persuade our admiring messmates at breakfast that we had never lived elsewhere than in a bandbox.

It hath been matter of marvel to me in my readings of living authors, that of our famous essay writers and notable rhapsodists, no one hath taken it upon him to descant more at length upon the luxury of those daily transformations in raiment whereby we so wonderfully enhance our own comfort and enjoyment, and beguile the easy complacency of our friends. He that observeth the moods of men hath doubtless noticed how nobly it doth heighten the spirits and how radiant it maketh the smiling face to exchange the tumbled linen for that which the laundress hath just supplied. The temper of the man appeareth never so good as when he walketh forth from the toilette, brisk and fresh — as the old Carolus coin of the last century shineth with a more brilliant cheer when born again from the mint. Were I not too intently engaged in recording these veracious chronicles for the advantage of the future historian, it would verily delight me to tarry, by the way, over such an episode myself.

It was quite proper that a storm which had risen so suddenly should,

when its force was spent, as suddenly die. It soon fell calm. The tumultuous waves which had been tumbling and roaring for two days, subsided into a long regular swell. As the day advanced, the ready crew, under suitable direction, restored the ship to her usual form and comeliness, stepping the masts, crossing the yards, readjusting the rigging. In the afternoon our prisoners were embarked, and much more comfortable quarters did they find on board ship, albeit not so roomy as on shore. Poor wretches! as they crossed the gangway one by one and huddled in a crowd between the guns, their anxious look as they scanned the faces of their captors, their wo-begone features, the trembling limbs of those who were wasted with disease, were pitiable indeed. But they were soon reassured. The sick were placed under medical supervision, the well were supplied with food and changes of apparel. Among the former was little Ayò, whose grief had so touched our sympathies on shore. His fears were speedily allayed, and, with tender nursing he recovered. It was interesting to observe the attachment which seemed to spring up in his little heart toward those who had cared for him. Like a pet lamb he would follow them about the decks, and, unable to talk any language but his mother tongue, would look up into their faces with a smile of grateful affection, the more pathetic because unspoken. It was a sorrowful day for poor little Ayò when he left the ship for his comfortless Chinese home.

DAY THE SIXTH: FRIDAY.

'FACE thy foe in the field and perchance thou wilt meet thy master.'—TUPPER.

FROM the star-chamber whence issued all the decrees that regulated the movements and morals of our floating community—the cabin—came forth another order for another expedition. The preparations for this second invasion were similar to those which preceded the departure of the first; so, dear reader, while the bustle and turmoil which inaugurate all great enterprises are being reënacted, let us ignore the din and take a nap, or look over the home and European newspapers we received by the last P. and O. S. N. Co.'s mail steamer before leaving Hongkong.

At night, the antecedent labors all completed, the second draft of men, numbering some seventy well-armed, disembarked on the smooth sandy beach of the bay. The chronicler of these stirring events was a redoubtable volunteer on that occasion—so come along, brave reader, if you wish to be put through the toils and adventures of secret service on shore, and see how cleverly they manage to make night hideous at your antipodes. Let us make an incursion among these flying barbarians that shall be memorable in the future history of Patchungsan. Let us restrain our natural impetuosity, lest our blood-thirsty disposition make too great havoc among these harmless pirates.

We had already landed and drawn up in the order of march before our Madjicosiman guides made their appearance. A light misty rain was falling, and while we waited the pattering drops came thicker and faster, so that we had become quite thoroughly drenched before our cohort was fairly *en route*. Our way lay for a long distance through

the level plains bordering on the bay, and we plodded on through mud and rain in silence. It would have excited the risibilities of even the sour-visaged Penates of Madjicosiman households could they have seen the lugubrious aspect we must have presented, as our long line wound about in Indian file among the rocks and bushes, vanishing for a time in the deep gulches which intersected the track and then reappearing on the opposite side — all the time the mud and water splashing under our feet, and the rain coming down right merrily. Finally our path led away from the shore, or rather the curving line of the bay diverged from the path, and we struck boldly into the interior, leaving on our right a dense dark grove of pines, whose luxuriant undergrowth of tropical thicket we skirted for a long distance. Sometimes our course led us into it, and then we fantastically illustrated the ups and downs of human life, sliding and tumbling along in a narrow, rugged path, scarcely visible to the eyes, or traceable by the feet, slippery with mire and matted with the irregular meshes of tough, gnarled, interlacing roots. On clearing the pines we emerged upon ground rougher and boggier than before, over which our native guides, heedless alike of darkness and rain, led us by devious ways. At mid-night we reached a grove on the side of a gently-rising hill, which had been selected as our rendezvous. Here, in charge of an African baggage-guard, who would have defended their trust, especially the provisions and grog, to the very last gasp, were left the haversacks and most of the horses.

DAY THE SEVENTH: SATURDAY.

'Alas! what boots the long, laborious quest?' — WORDSWORTH.

A DELECTABLE mode of rustivating! A famous chance for a snuff of fresh mountain air! Seductive visions of noon-day butter-cups and daisies vanished in the cold realities of a mid-night rain. Dreams of equestrian joys and tandem drives among green hills and along flowery meads, subsided into the tamest sort of views *afoot*; those views themselves quite inappreciable in the Cimmerian pall that enshrouded the whole island. Visiting a foreign country by night in a pouring storm, with a straggling gang of stealthy marauders, I could not conscientiously recommend to ordinary tourists. Still less would I wish to be called upon to testify its advantages over the modern style of 'doing' London or Paris in a few hours by the kindly aid of steam and a stranger's guide.

A short period of rest sufficient for a hasty lunch taken in the wet and darkness, was the prelude to our nocturnal achievements. Our force was divided into four companies, each of which, guided by a native, took up its line of march through the tract of country assigned it, in quest of the unsuspecting fugitives. And thus appointed, we bravely issued forth into the dark, quite as much in the dark as Japhet in search of a father. Sometimes we were in a path — sometimes not — most frequently *not*. The ground was heavier and rockier than that we had already traversed. Coral fences and cactus hedges interposed formidable barriers to our progress. The gulches were more frequent, deeper, harder to cross; in many of them, usually dry, muddy torrents now

came dashing and foaming down from the hills, in which, from the uncertainty of foothold, many a patriotic minion of avenging justice cooled his ardor by an involuntary bath.

In the first expedition most of the captive coolies had been taken in the dwellings of the natives. As we expected to entrap them in a similar manner, our object was to visit every semblance of a hut in the section of the island allotted us. For a long time we straggled about in the darkness, surrounding and ransacking every building we found, suddenly opening the doors and thrusting in torches, whose blazing glare startled the sleepers from their dreams, and brought out in bold relief the contrast of light and shade within — yet doing little else than ‘astonishing the natives.’ The birds had flown. The first invasion had warned them to beat a retreat, and now they were, doubtless, safe among the fastnesses of the mountain, whither we could not follow. At last, tired of the fruitless search, we halted before the door of an untenanted hut. The guide, though on horseback all the time, showed most unequivocal signs of weariness, and alighting from the wooden saddle of his dripping Rosinante, squatted on his heels, quite at home. The edifice was not a very capacious one, nor was it impervious to wind and rain, for large portions of thatch were wanting in the roof. The Old Mortality of architecture had not lately visited Patchungshan, for he surely had not the heart to neglect such a poor dilapidated shell that needed so many touches of his skill to make it even tolerable shelter for a party of men already half drowned by the storm. On the opposite side of the ravine, close by us, and not a dozen rods distant, stood another and larger hut, in which a light fire was blazing. In a few minutes we had reached the door. Where were the inmates? Not a soul was there, nor aught but embers remained of the crackling fire we had been watching. Were they coolies who had caught the alarm and escaped us? or were they natives who had taken fright at our hostile array? or were the shadowy figures we had seen moving to and fro around the fire some of our own parties who had resumed their wanderings? We rekindled the blaze and imparted such a cheery aspect to the smoky place as induced us to remain. The arms were brought in and stacked, the fire replenished with sticks and straw from the thatch, and we all disposed ourselves inside the seven-by-nine hut as well as its accommodations would allow, to dry our clothes if possible, to sleep if possible, at any rate to wait for return of light. One-half the space within was occupied by a platform composed of small sticks and poles theoretically straight, but really quite erratic and willful in their original growth — the whole raised about a cubit from the ground. On this the simple Madjicosimans spread their mats at night and resign themselves to rest. We used it for the same purpose, though, alas, the mats were not there to prevent the crooks and knots of the bare poles from imprinting on our backs curious diagrams of conic sections and angles uncomfortably acute.

At four o'clock the dense heavy clouds began to admit signs of approaching day,

‘AND, like a lobster boiled, the morn
From black to red began to turn.’

We prepared to resume our wanderings. The men re-loaded their

muskets and pistols, and buckled on their cutlasses. The guide remounted his drooping beast. Four hours more of staggering in slimy paths, across flooded fields, through submerged thickets of brake and cactus, over the rocky beds of hurrying brooks, along the slippery embankments of rice patches, and all the time under the peltings of a tropical rain so abundant that Nature seemed revelling in the delights of a grand triumphant wash-day, and doing her best to cleanse the earth of the stains left upon it by the descendants of him whose fall

'Brought sin into this world, and all our wo.'

Four hours more of this attractive morning ramble, and we finally drew up at the deserted temple in the grove on the hill-side, whither our sable baggage-guard had removed the haversacks and horses during the night. The other detachments soon after began to arrive, having most of them to boast of as little success as ourselves. A fire was speedily kindled by the discharge of a pistol and breakfast served out as the parties came straggling in. The steaming coffee, which we sipped *con amore*, enlivened our spirits. The ridiculous appearance of our reeking accoutrements, and the funny adventures of our deeds of darkness, created peals of merriment that shook again and again the ruined sanctuary in which we had taken refuge from the storm. Refreshed by the meal and an hour's repose, we left the moss-grown temple to enjoy once more the solitude of its sacred grove, and took our departure for the beach. The luxury of an afternoon's siesta on board our floating home helped us to forget the toils and fatigues of the night. The breaking clouds rent asunder their stormy veil and displayed the glorious sun looking down from mid-heaven with benignant cheer, quite unconscious of the strange deeds enacted during his absence.

EPILOGUE.

'HEAR the conclusion of the whole matter.' — SOLOMON.

THE tale is told. Here endeth the chronicle of seven days' sojourn in the waters of the Madjicosima group. The following morning, holy time was again desecrated by the turmoil and bustle of secular labor. The harbor of Patchungshan resounded with the manifold echoes of a ship preparing for departure — the boatswain's shrill whistle and hoarse call, 'All hands up anchor!' — the tramp of the mustering crew along the decks, the rustling of ropes — the trumpet-orders of the officer aft; the rumbling of the capstan and rattling of the chain as it comes in from the watery depths. The anchor is wrenched from its coral bed, the snowy sails swell to the winds, the dancing waters ripple under the prow — we are away! Away, with our living freight of the innocent and the guilty, to be handed over to justice, or restored to their Oriental homes. Adieu to the joyous sun-lit peaks, the smiling vales, the vine-clad rocks. Our ship sweeps proudly onward before the freshening breeze. The sun rides high in the heavens — the Eight Huge Hills astern are fading in the dim blue. The sun goes down in the west, and so, 'twixt the gloaming and the murk,' go down the mountain, the forest, the crag, and are hid by the distant wave. Once more — once more — alone on the sea!

A L I T H E A .

CALL her not vain, nor blame her not that she
 Whom Loveliness in joyful triumph owns,
 Plays not the cloistering nun, but freely lays
 Her fair page open to be read of all,
 And generously familiar to the light,
 (While Purity and Pride around her still
 Bring radiant Honor to enchant the air!)
 God was not chary when He fashioned her,
 But wrought with liberal hand — not hoarding up
 Within His undreamed treasure of spells
 The fairer forces perfected in her:
 She doeth but as He, in that she makes
 Munificent using of His blessing gifts.
 Wherefore thus lavish of His soveran art
 That to her eye its jewelled arrows left,
 Stored in the silken quiver of the lash:
 That to her hair the changeful glory placed
 Of seas at mid-night sprinkled with the stars;
 That from the subtler rimming of a cloud
 Caught for her skin a softly lustrous layer,
 Transparently inlaid on lip and cheek,
 To show the bright blood exquisitely through;
 That gave her step the striveless, pleasant flow
 Of motion riding on a summer wave;
 That with an energy so fine and bold,
 Meted and drew the lines which mould a shape
 Whose least dividing by the toyful air,
 Comes with a pathos matchless under heaven!
 By all that we may mark in earth or sky,
 How eloquently is the lesson taught,
 That with a boon as bounteously *we* deal
 As the first Almoner.

Note but the bird,
 That with the earliest blazonry of dawn,
 Pours round through heaven so streamingly his song;
 As life itself came to him on the sound,
 And wings were newly made to bear it on:
 Whose treble only falters into rest
 With the last dropping of his lids in sleep.
 Say, do ye weary of his dainty song,
 Flinging a daily sweetness on your ways?
 And then the flowers, spring they not everywhere?
 A haunting joy and yet a marvel ever;
 Whose tender bravery and aery grace,
 A kindling there of something spiritual,
 Do make it possible to dream them even
 Our vanished loved ones wearing such a guise,
 And leaping to our feet in greeting glad.
 Oh! do ye ask them in their lowliness,
 To fold their leaves for idle pageantry,
 Nor give the air one token where they bend?
 Not lightly was the mission set apart
 To Beauty's singing, visible or voiced;
 So that the dearness of its perfect rhythm
 With *all* our nature blendeth for attune:
 And, with an ever-present inspiration,
 Entreat an inner fairness to our lives!

Rockton, (N. Y.)

JEROME A. MABBY.

Schediasms.

BY PAUL SIOGVOLK.

MUSINGS OF A CITY RAIL-ROAD CONDUCTOR.

PART TEN.

We manage matters better now. We have had a reform in our arrangements. We have begun to give attention to some of the little things which are so essential to our passengers' comfort. Americans are or ought to be proverbial for indifference to little things. It is so important for us to get a rail-road route 'through,' and in running order, that we strain every nerve to attain this, and wholly neglect minor matters, such as dust, ventilation, care of baggage, and the thousand-and-one petty details that specifically and directly 'don't pay.' We shall look after these things by-and-by, as our people grow more luxurious, and the competition of rivals tempts patronage by superior ministration to comfort. I flatter myself, too, sometimes, that my endeavors to call public attention to our way of 'stowing cargo,' have not been wholly in vain.

We have begun with the *cushions*. Some ingenious manufacturer has prepared for us a stuff for the covering, stamped or woven with bright and narrow transverse stripes that stretch across the cushion at proper intervals. Between the stripes is a lawful seat, so that a man can no longer sit upon two seats, or a woman upon three, without such 'a spread' being apparent and open to observation. This is a great deprivation to many. That class of 'gentry' who luxuriate by sitting lengthwise, are obliged to give up one of their proclivities, and to try and sit up and be decent in spite of their nature. Passengers can no longer place a parcel, or a dog, or a child beside them without palpably encroaching upon a seat worth 'five cents.' Any one coming in can detect in a moment, at a glance, whether there be vacant seats. When one is asked to 'move up' he cannot simply jump up and down in the same place as *was* the custom of many; but if he sits out of a slip, or astride a stripe, you can fasten the trespass upon the wretch by ocular demonstration. So much for our new cushions.

We have 'put down' *sitting cross-legged in our cars*. We are getting up a new set of by-laws for passengers. We do n't allow them to sit cross-legged. It has cost me a deal of trouble to cure this detestable habit in my male guests. There is scarcely any little matter that gives so much offence to the ladies, or is so annoying to gentlemen. Some people will sprawl over several seats; still, by sitting down upon them, they will contrive to get into their places. But the cross-legged sitter is deaf and impenetrable to a hint, and defies practical rebuke. He swings one leg and foot leisurely across the aisle, and by a 'masterly

inactivity,' assaults the shins of all who pass in or out of the car, and brings down his enemy at his feet without seeming to strike a blow. He would be sole monarch of the car. He sits in sublime unconsciousness of the comfort or even existence of any other. He is at ease, reading his newspaper, or picking his teeth, or gazing listlessly at the passing panorama. What though none can pass him without stepping high and wide enough to cross a gutter, and perhaps be laid by the heels at that! What though he trip up every passenger who has not successfully studied with the Ravels or acrobats! What though he leave the prints of his soiled 'brogan' upon your white pantaloons or your daughter's stockings, or make a breach through your wife's flounces! He is comfortable! It does not suit his style of '*posè*' to sit up like a man who has *not* inherited consumption, but has the use of his muscles and limbs. He has a '*posè*' of his own. His shoulders are thrown forward, his head and neck are bent over in the same direction, and he is inclined to 'double up' like a baboon.

I once had a car filled with West-Point cadets. You should have seen them sit in their places. They were entirely at ease, and full of spirits, and fun, and frolic; but each man sat in his seat like a gentleman. I was never so astonished as then at the capacity of my car. It seemed impossible the seats were all occupied. Each person had more room than he required. No one jostled another, and each sat in his place. If our passengers cannot learn better manners, we shall have to have a school set up and have them drilled and taught the art of sitting down. 'A very little and paltry matter for a conductor to bother his foolish head about,' says some one, perhaps. Not at all; it is a great matter. Aside from the comfort of others, it is a part of the 'unbought grace of life.' Is it not written as part of the imperishable fame of the great Siddons, that she knew how to sit down? Has not Fanny Elssler brought down the house as she sank into a sitting posture, gently as a cloud? Siddons and Elssler had overcome the vicious awkwardness that results from bad education, (if they ever had it,) and sat naturally. Does any body suppose thirty North-American Indians would sit cross-legged in a narrow car, to the imminent peril of each other's shins?

I never heard but one defence of this miserable vice of car-travellers. William St. Augustine Wiggins, Esq., a lawyer (of the modern code school) 'by trade,' lives just in the outskirts of the city. When he gets in my car in the morning, he is usually the first passenger. He formerly sat near the rear door where he entered. His shoes are, for the most part, covered with dust when he gets on the car. When he left the car near the City-Hall, I frequently observed his shoes were quite fresh and clean. How did he manage this? I wondered at the mystery. Did he use his handkerchief? Not he: that was his own. I kept him under close *surveillance*. I watched vainly for several days before I discovered it. He was an inveterate cross-legged sitter. He was so seated that all who passed in or out of the car must span his extremities. *Horribile dictu!* His shoes were swept by every lady's skirts and every gentleman's pantaloons that entered the car! I

pointed out this little piece of ingenuity to a few gentlemen, who afterward made it a point to step high as they passed him, and come down with full weight upon his toes. The rascal saw he was detected. He tried for a while to brave it out, and feigned unconsciousness; but the trick was too gross, and he gave it up. Now he sneaks down to the farther end of the car, and indulges his cross-legged propensities at the expense of only the conductor.

When some half-dozen or more of these contemnors of Chesterfield are seated in the same car, it requires great courage in man or woman to encounter the barricade. Few have the hardihood to risk life and limb through this *chevaux-de-frise* of legs. The bold pay dearly for their courage. Bruised shins and soiled garments they expect, and are not disappointed. Not unfrequently, in spite of their strength and precautions, they are brought to the floor. Fie, gentlemen! is there no sense of shame in you? Can you not see, or be taught, that where so many human beings are huddled together in so small a space, every one must give up a great many of his personal peculiarities, and perhaps peculiar comforts, for the general accommodation of all? Suppose each person, in a crowded car, gave way to his inclinations, and indulged, regardless of others convenience, in all the favorite little habits that conduce most to his especial comfort, what a precious scene we should have! There might be among the crowd those who have habits and inclinations as disgusting to you as to your victims is your favorite luxury of raising one foot in the air to kick the shins and lift the skirts of other passengers.

For instance, there is Charles Vellum, a petty broker in Wall-street, who has a peculiarity worthy of imitation—perhaps! For see that small man in black, with dark hair and eyes, and sallow complexion, with angular limbs, and haggard countenance, sitting near the remote corner of the car. His breath is not naturally suggestive of a ‘thousand flowers,’ and he mends the matter by constantly munching baked pea-nuts. I have read once a very learned essay upon the ‘Æsthetics of Eating,’ and I dare say human feeding is generally a rational matter. Men do not all eat as pigs. Like other animal instincts, by cultivation and refinement, it loses half the grossness of its original character. In fact, in all pleasures of sense we may rise above our animal nature. We luxuriate in our sensations, and revel in our emotions. By the power of memory and imagination, we intellectually distil, as it were, from our physical pleasures, while in the very act of enjoyment, a secondary refined ecstasy. Charles Vellum has not risen to this. He takes things as he finds them, and a baked pea-nut is still a baked pea-nut to him, and nothing else. In the morning he has a few, which he crushes sparsely, now and then, one with a suppressed crackle, shying a shell furtively first to the right, and then to the left, and then in the aisle, or out the window. In the evening, riding up, he is in his glory. His pockets are full; his hands are full; and he devours with a greediness worthy a better fruit. Shells, ‘shucks,’ and ‘chads,’ fly on either side, and his jaws move with a rapid, grinding noise, as if he had a small coffee-mill in his mouth. A special by-law we have for this fel-

low. His speciality being preëminently disgusting, entitles him to an exclusive sty of his own. He is to be penned off from the general company, where he can have a trough to himself.

SPEAKING of feet so much, are not men's slippers coming in vogue more than formerly? My car looks cheerful of a morning, with so many neat stockings and pumps. Pumps! The very word is suggestive of cool comfort in this summer solstice. Slippers! Their exile has been a long one. Their return to good society calls for a joyous welcome. Some conspiracy among cordwainers, I suspect, first introduced boots into 'dress.' Boots! Ugh! The name recalls torture, historical and personal. They were invented for the camp, not the court. Boots are, perhaps, well, in their way, for fishermen, sportsmen, firemen, 'and such.' They are not inconvenient to the soldier in forced marches over untravelled countries. They have a utility where rattle-snakes abound. But what mad enemy of the human race first set them upon carpet, or introduced them into the walks of refined social life? Were they the subtle device of some deformed-footed beau? or had they a more infernal origin? Were they not first worn by Mephistopheles to hide the unappreciated symmetry of a foot, without toes, parted in the middle? 'I look down at thy feet,' says Othello, to the detected wretch, Iago, 'but,' (seeing the latter wears boots, and he can't prove the 'cloven-foot' upon him, discreetly adds,) 'that's a fable.' Imagine the Count D'Orsay in boots, stepping from Charon's boat, and offering his hand to Alcibiades! Can't you hear the inextinguishable laughter of the shade of that man who would not play the flute because it distorted his features? Would he not suppose the Count had invented them solely to save his immortality from the peril that overtook Empedocles?

PART ELEVEN.

HERE comes, sauntering in a dreamy maze, a sentimentalist — Mason Lickbarrow. He is a bachelor, and the world uses him pretty tenderly. He is six feet, and carries his head a little upon one side, rather lack-a-daisically. He is very neatly dressed, and I would wager neither smokes or chews tobacco. He is not far from thirty, and is handsome, and has a dainty look and a very deferential manner that is quite taking with the ladies. He is very popular among them, and I don't wonder at it. He usually knows every well-dressed lady that comes into my car. He has a profession of some sort, I believe, but his head is in the clouds half the time. He scribbles cleverly, it is said, for the Ladies' Magazines, Graham and Godey. I see by his high color and browned cheeks that he has just returned from a trip into the country: full of rapture and fustian I have n't a doubt. I know him well, and will borrow a leaf from his note-book to enrich my 'musings.' Here is a specimen of his style of sentimentalizing; I am half-inclined to express the same kind opinion of it that the poet Willis gave of some verses of my own which a friend handed him anonymously. 'It *would* be poetry,' said he, 'if it had only imagination, and passion, and diction,

and rhythm.' But to the note-book of Mason Lickbarrow, the transcendental sentimentalist.

'AMONG THE CATTSKILL MOUNTAINS! The July sun is harmless here. The very air has a genial and soothing purity among these hill-tops. It is so much rarer and dryer than the breeze by the sea-side. It has a pleasant earthy fragrance too, and an aromatic savor of the piny forests it has kept company with. The sun pours down his glittering arrows in ceaseless volleys, and where the wind is cut off and there is no shadow, the earth is arid and parches in the torrid air and blazing sun-shine. Now seek the shady hill-side, or the cover of these matted evergreens, or any where escape from the direct glare of the sun, and the cool, dry, thin, pure, impalpable air that blows and rushes upon and past you is so delicious that you are exhilarated as with a *new sensation*. The enjoyment, too, is but half physical. The mind arouses and craves food and exercise. One is not, as at most summer haunts, listless; 'the chief good and market of his time, 'is not' to sleep and feed.' You are not content to let the livelong day slip by lounging under trees, smoking — or by an effort nerving yourself to take a drive in an easy carriage over a level road. Long, contemplative, lonely rambles, over rough hills, are sought and accomplished with an ease and absence of fatigue that fills you with surprise at your new-born powers of endurance. You drink up the serene beauty of the vast landscape that spreads panorama-like at your feet, and the gorgeous cloud-scenery that rolls majestically athwart the distant mountain-tops, and your thirst for the sublime and beautiful is awakened to new vigor. The ceaseless carol of myriad wood-birds charms your appreciating senses with new power. All the kaleidoscopic changes of grand, natural scenery are broad-cast about you with so liberal a hand that man and his works are atomized in the contrast. Involuntarily you surrender self and give a loose rein to every impulse that is intellectual, imaginative or reverential in your nature.

'STRIP off this false, this fond identity:
Who thinks of self when gazing on the sky?'

'I mentioned *new sensations*. Do you recollect what came over you when some of the sublime aspects of nature have been for the first time revealed to you? A thunder-storm among the mountains, if you had never been beyond city walls; Niagara, upon your first visit. What a sensation filled you, and at times vibrated through every fibre of your frame! How, in its very physical intensity you could feel something start at the roots of your hair and creep perceptibly over the vertebrae between your shoulders! Have you ever been in love? Do you recall what novel emotions sprang up in your nature? Can you bring to mind how you were at times half dizzy with a sense of the unreasonness of all that once seemed most real to you? Do you remember when the electric spirits of one of the great poets first flashed athwart your mind? Or when the lofty theme of some great orator was first unfolded to you in glowing speech? Or when the triumphal notes of heaven-born music first rang and echoed through the chambers of your

soul? What was all or any of this, if not a new sensation? Who could have convinced you of your capacity for this? What teacher of such seeming apocrypha, except experience, would you not have ridiculed as a fabulist?

'Now, is there not an additional argument for the soul's immortality to be gathered from this? If this same dull routine nature of ours may be, by a slight change of circumstances, so suddenly gifted with new capacities—if in this brief life we know so little of ourselves—if progressive cultivation, or accidental juxtaposition to merely natural objects and ordinary events may so easily startle us into recognition of measureless capacities before unknown, who then can believe the soul finite? Who shall say that new and extraordinary changes of condition may not reveal to us powers and capacities beyond the scope of imagination to conceive? If we may thus become conscious of new sensations that have no type in our experience and are not the result of old combinations, but are novel and original, and are ever springing up within us as the shifting scenes of life dissolve and pass away from view—who shall say the fountain is not inexhaustible? If this life be not *merely* physical, or a phase of the physical—if we are more than 'the beast, whose soul goeth downward'—if intellectual experience and spiritual sensation is life and the true consciousness, then who shall tell me that the recognition and experience of a capacity for exhaustless and illimitable sensations is not a high proof of immortality?

'SUN-RISE AMONG THE CATSKILL MOUNTAINS! Glorious sun-rise! It is but three o'clock, and in half-an-hour what splendor is lavished upon us!—first the early streaks of light tint the upper edge of the filmy clouds that lie scattered about the horizon, and then a deeper, golden flush, glowing in the rifted piles of rock-like forms that crowd the gateway of the sun, betoken his coming. The deep valley stretching away below is full of a thin translucent mist of blue (the day has not dawned there)—the nearer hills beyond wear a dark cerulean hue, almost purple, and the more distant hills have a rich green color, that seems liquid like the look of deep water. The magnificent Hudson winds its way through the valley, dwarfed to a silken skein, with bright threads now lying close and again tangled and scattered over a broader space. Here I stand upon this platform, lifted several thousand feet in the air. Behind and on either side of me, except where the Mountain House stands, the primeval forest rises all emerald. Hark! Hear the whispering leaves of ten thousand forest-trees waving in the light morning breeze far down beneath my feet, with a sound not unlike the rustling of many wings in the air. Now the song of 'earliest birds' rises with such multitudinous strains that, though here and there a brief note or a clear stream of liquid harmony rings through the upper air, yet, the endless, undistinguishable volume is poured forth in one unbroken chorus that calls to mind the interminable cry of the many voiced insects of an autumnal evening. Peep! peep! chirp! chirp! the mingled cries hail the coming morn.

'How cool the early breath of day comes lispings among the tree-

tops! Hark again! what cry was that far down beneath my feet? Again a distant cock-crow! An echo? No, another has caught the sound and answered; another still more distant, and another, until the shrill clarion cry dies away in the distance. By holding your breath you can just catch the faint notes of some barn-yard king who, though still in darkness, has caught the herald cry from his lofty neighbor perched higher up the mountain, and has echoed exultingly the shout of joy at the coming break of day. A little longer and the 'king of day' parts the crimson film that lies close to the horizon; the roseate hues that were spreading over the whole heavens, fade away into the yellow light that streams and flashes up where the sun is coming. In an instant the blazing orb bursts forth and the sun is up!

T I B E R I U S A T C A P R E Æ .

BY HOWARD W. CALDWELL.

THE Emperor TIBERIUS retired to Capreae A.D. 27, and made this island his head-quarters for the remainder of his life. SUTONIUS and TACITUS record the most astonishing stories of the debaucheries and unnatural vices of the Emperor and his court while at Capreae. TIBERIUS is represented as a gloomy, unhappy man, who loved to brood over his sorrows: and although PATERCULUS describes him as possessed of all superhuman perfections, he seems to have been cruel, suspicious, dissembling, and false. Withal, he was fond of letters, detested flattery, and was addicted to astrology.

MID-NIGHT o'er Caprea's lone isle
 Spreads like a sable veil from high,
 Save where the pale stars faintly smile,
 Now in the mist obscured awhile,
 Now dimly shadowing earth and sky!
 The moon is hid behind a cloud,
 E'en though the ocean's mournful call
 Prays her to leave her fleecy shroud,
 In tones by daylight bold and loud,
 Now soft as music's dying fall!
 Alone the CÆSAR trod the cliff,
 High o'er the hushed and darkened wave
 Which scarcely moved the tiny skiff
 On the still beach — all seemed as if
 They feared *him*, to whom earth was slave.
 Tall and emaciate was his frame,
 Sunken his eye, and pale his cheek,
 Save where the wine had traced its name,
 And 'mid the pallor like a flame,
 Glowed in a red and spotted streak!
 From 'neath his ample toga showed
 An arm now sharply shrunk to bone,

And that huge head, thin-haired and bowed,
 Once stiffly borne, once nobly proud:
 Told what his vices cursed had done.
 Impatient, with a glaring eye
 He gazed upon the misty air:
 A thousand forms seemed passing nigh,
 From rock and wave, from earth and sky
 Came Memory's unforgotten there.
 Harsh was his voice, oft murmuring low,
 Checked by the frequent pause for breath,
 When came the CÆSAR's plaint of wo —
 Such as *that* CÆSAR only knew,
 The wo that makes life worse than death!

'Where are ye now, ye dreams of parted hope?
 Have my cursed passions drunk your fountains up?
 Only in death's dim vale of shades I see
 The forms that made this life a joy to me.
 Ha! is it thou, lost angel of delight,
 Whose form, long faded from my aching sight,
 Flits on the wing, the raven wing of death,
 To ope Elysium's vale that lies beneath?
 I see! I see! 't is thou, VIPSANIA, thou!
 Bright angel, beauteous as when first my vow
 I breathed to thee, and tremblingly thy hand
 Thrilled my soul through, and bade hope's radiant band
 People the distance of unnumbered years
 With joys untold, and love's delighted cares!
 E'en from my earliest recollected hour,
 Beauty has swayed me with mysterious power.
 Unquiet at her shrine, my soul has bowed,
 Rather than hear the pæans of the crowd;
 Beauty has been my guiding-star too long,
 For in her train unrest and dangers throng.
 What princely form emerges from the shade?
 AUGUSTUS comes, and bids those dreams to fade!
 He tells me I must leave thee, and must wed
 His daughter JULIA in thy sacred stead!
 I will not wed that profligate, for thou,
 Star of my youth, life's cynosure art now!
 But now thou say'st, 'Wed her — a throne awaits.
 AUGUSTUS hastens to his end — these states
 Will own thee Emperor then, and then a word
 Shall call VIPSANIA to her worshipped lord!'
 I, for thy sake, thine only, then obeyed:
 The world saw thee divorced and JULIA made
 My wife — then all inhuman arts unknown
 That woman practised — O accursed throne!
 Was it for thee her hellish deeds I bore,
 And worse than all, the scornful mien she wore?
 A scorn to me! son of that CLAUDIAN line
 Whose glories cannot fade, nor fame decline,
 For song and history's page alike proclaim
 ROME's noblest triumphs with the CLAUDIAN name!

Sick, then, at heart, in exile I had fled,
 Till many dangers did my peace invade,
 And I resolved that in some nobler strife,
 I'd buy new laurels with my weary life!

Amid the storm of battle and of blood
 VIPSANIA's image was my guardian-god,
 And by the camp-fires 'mid the northern snows,
 The thought of her was Lethe to my woes.
 Now seemed at length my rapturous bliss at hand:
 AUGUSTUS' spirit sought the spirit-land;
 And Emperor at last, I thought to call
 VIPSANIA back to grace the CÆSAR's hall.
 Alas! — young GALLUS, with infernal art,
 Had won from me that loved VIPSANIA's heart!
 She laughed derision at my bitter tears,
 She danced in glee to hear my ardent prayers,
 And boldly said, that GALLUS now had proved
 That ere his coming she had never loved!
 Cursed be the morning of that day to earth
 When my vile mother gave a monster birth!
 Let darkness cover it, and gloom and death
 Blot out the hour when first I drew my breath!
 O nameless city! * whose dull joys I tried
 To pay me back what love had just denied,
 Thy gold, thy pomp, thy power and glory all
 Lay on my heart like some funereal pall!
 A city built to send to time my name!
 Proud temples reared to celebrate my fame!
 Worshipped by that grand senate, whose faint praise
 The pristine heroes sought, in purer days —
 LORD OF THE WORLD I AM! no place so far
 But hears my name amid the pomp of war,
 No foe can flee me, and no power alarm,
 All the wide earth shakes when I move my arm!
 Am I not CÆSAR? North, and east, and west
 Obey as slaves my every high behest,
 Or like the fell simoom, in yon dry south,
 An angry order issuing from my mouth,
 Sweeps over Afric one red storm of blood!
 Am I not CÆSAR? am I not a god?
 And yet a woman's love to me has given
 A darker fate than yet has come from Heaven!
 Night! thou art dark, but darker is this heart,
 Whence morn can never bid the gloom depart,
 Stifling this air of thick and murky mist,
 But heavier clouds are pressing on my breast.
 Oh! I shall die! this sympathizing night
 Gives to my woes a darker, deadlier blight!
 Come morning, or I die! I cannot bear
 This insolence of sympathy in sky and air!
 Hasten, AURORA, smile upon the sky,
 That I may curse thee — hasten or I die!
 What form is that which follows on me thus?
 What ho! my guards! — stay! 't is GERMANICUS!
 Away, ye wretches! come, GERMANICUS,
 No ear shall hear, no eye shall glare on us;
 My boy, my boy, I loved thee all the while
 E'en when I listened to SEJANUS' guile.
 Alas! why can I now not clasp thy form?
 Come, my brave brother's son! I mean no harm:

* It was a religious duty to conceal the real name of Rome.

† HEROD built TIBERIAS in honor of the Emperor.

Out on my senses! 't is a fleeting shade,
 My own wild fancies of the mist have made.
 Lo! hand in hand I see them wander by,
 GERMANICUS and DRUSUS — quick, mine eye!
 Behold the boys as carelessly they rove,
 Arm wrapped in arm, in fond fraternal love.
 And Death — accurséd raven! hence, avaunt!
 Or thou shalt feel my wrath — silence that chaunt
 Ye fatal sisters, silence, curséd three!
 Or I will dye Tarpeia's rock with ye!
 Lo! LIVIA steals along the darkened room,
 Bearing a goblet — 't is my DRUSUS' doom!
 The wily eunuch now the drink prepares,
 And hasty, with a poisoner's many fears,
 He wakes the youth from his sweet, gentle sleep,
 To drink a draught insuring one more deep!
 Where is thy brother? out! alas! he died
 Before this time, by PISO's jealous pride;
 Where is thy brother? lo! with sad array,
 Pale AGRIPPINA, from the rising day,
 Brings a white urn, wherein GERMANICUS —
 A few dark ashes now — is brought to us.
 To us! to whom? to me, ye Furies, me!
 Cursed from my birth, and cursed beyond degree;
 Cursed in my mother's pride, who had given up
 Her household gods and all the CLAUDIAN hope;
 Cursed in my hate of her, although 't was just
 For one who left her home, to sate a CÆSAR's lust!
 Now she is gone — SEJANUS, too, is gone,
 Whose heart I vainly thought was mine alone;
 My boy, my brother's noble son, and she
 Who once was bliss, and once was bane to me,
 Alone upon the shore I wail in grief
 The last sad dirges of an ill-spent life!

Peace! peace! ay, once indeed, of it I heard,
 And of a fount whence it might be secured.
 'T was when AGRIPPA, from Jerusalem
 Sent me a slave, who held the faith of HIM
 Who healed disease, and untold thousands fed,
 And raised again to life the festering dead:
 Whom late the foolish Jews with little cause
 Take from good deeds, and bind upon a cross.*
 This slave watched by my couch, and told a tale
 I could not choose but hear — till memory fail
 I must remember with astonished dread
 Her faith, her purity, her wondrous creed.
 She told how faith in HIM gave peace on earth —
 A peace all power and temporal glory worth,
 And endless bliss secured beyond the grave:
 She was more blessed than I, that lowly slave!
 Too pure for my vile court, her virtues made
 Her many foes — a hasty word I said,
 They took her to the rack: she bade me come
 To see her meet with peaceful joy her doom.
 I saw the evidence — I saw her die,
 Blessing that PROPHET with her parting sigh;

* It is abundantly evident from the historians of this period, that the prime *facts* of the Christian religion were known: but there seems to be but little ground for the very common opinion that TIBERIUS recommended the deification of our Saviour to the Senate.

No vile blaspheming, as when others shake
 Beneath the terrors of my murderous rack;
 Calmly on CHRIST she called, and prayed, serene —
 I'd give my crown for that sweet peace, O Nazarene!
 Shall it be thus? and must I pass away
 Like some old crone, in gradual, dull decay?
 I will to ROME! I'll swim in seas of blood.
 I come! I come! — look ye, a bride-groom god,
 The CÆSAR hastens to his bride — sweet ROME!
 What lengthened line of human hecatomb
 Shall greet the advent of thy lover now?
 Ha! what is that? — beneath night's sombre brow
 The stars speak to me — yes, and ye have said
 I shall not enter ROME till I be dead!
 Ye stars! pale prophets of unerring truth,
 Ye've been my fate-book from my earliest youth,
 I know the warning that you give is true,
 Here I must stay — to ROME I dare not go!

Then wake, O storm! be blacker, ye dark skies!
 Ye winds, from out your hollow caves arise!
 Flash, ye red lightnings! roll, ye thunders now!
 Ye dare not touch this laurel on my brow! *
 Sing your wild music, and by you inspired,
 I'll write an epic, for my soul is fired;
 Epic of blood! in ROME to-morrow's sun
 Shall see my glorious poem, read, and heard, and *done*!
 Hell rages in my heart, and thus will vent
 Itself in cries for blood, its nutriment!
 Can I be mad? or am I fiend-pursued
 By this fell appetite for human blood?
 I am not mad, but I am darkly damned
 To thousand torments hell has never named!
 And it is you, ye fierce avenging gods,
 Who send these dreams o'er which my spirit broods;
 Seldom comes sleep to me, but in her stead
 Come the pale spectres of my many dead;
 Or if I rest, some vision grim descends,
 And in a cry of wo my slumber ends.

Love *was* my heaven, and *is* my deepest hell,
 Hope *was* my star, but with my heaven it fell!
 I have no joys — my passions fast decay,
 Save hate, which grows as others pass away;
 No friends I love — and he who waits my death,
 And counts his hopes by my unsteady breath,
 CAIUS — 't is true that he ere long shall reign,
 And like APOLLO's son, shall fire this earth again!
 I love him not — my grand-son, less — 't is well!
 No human feelings in my bosom dwell:
 I love not gold, nor woman, nor e'en food,
 And wine but makes me rage for human blood;
 Music is empty noise, and praise a jest;
 All pomp, all men, all pleasure I detest,
 And more than all, my own dark self I hate.
 When will my cup of wo be full, accursed Fate?'

Newberry, (S. C.) March, 1856.

* TIBERIUS was afraid of lightning, and wore a laurel-crown as a charm against it. — (*Suetonius in vrb. Lib. LXIX.*)

A MONTH AT THE RACKET.

To say the least of it, 't is an ignoble way of hunting, thus to steal upon the poor animal, while in the security of his solitude he was seeking his nightly food. I must confess that my conscience rather smote me, as our boat glided with its spirit-like motion over the water, and with feelings somewhat akin to a mid-night robber, every noise, even the splashing of a duck, or the jumping of a frog startled me, as if conscious that my deeds were evil. But as necessity knows no law, these feelings soon left me when I remembered the promise I had made and the parting injunctions of the ladies.

We had not proceeded a mile up the inlet, when Higby, hearing a noise in the grass, turned the boat in the direction whence it proceeded, and there I saw, within ten yards of me, as fine a buck as ever carried horns, with his eyes flashing back the light of our lantern, like two reverberators.

Crack went my rifle, off went the deer, bounding and snorting like a high-pressure engine, alarming his companions, who, joining in the chorus repeated by the echoes, made the hills resound again as if alive with frightened deer.

'What did you aim at?' cries Higby. 'At his eyes, of course.' 'Ah! there was your mistake. I forgot to warn you that at night objects loom up so, that you should always aim at least six inches below your mark. However, better luck next time.' Having re-loaded, we proceeded on. But now uprose the moon, whose brilliant light out-shone our feeble 'Jack,' thus revealing to the watchful deer the presence of a foe, and although we heard many, we could not approach near enough to have another shot during the whole night; so, with mingled feelings of mortification and disappointment, and the prospect of another day on flour victuals, we returned to camp, having rowed and paddled fifteen miles. Hawkeye came in shortly after us, from the East-Inlet with no better success, owing to the brightness of the moon, as he had heard plenty, but they were too wary to allow an approach within rifle shot.

30th. — Raining. Captain goes with Onkahye and Puffer to the South-Inlet to fish. Returns at four with twenty-two pounds of trout, just enough for one meal. The ladies entertained us this evening in their camp with dramatic readings.

A DRIVE.

1st August. — Was awakened this morning by the barking of hounds, and then the voice of our captain was heard. 'Come up, my men, and get ready for a 'drive.'* William is here with the dogs, . . . not a ripple on the lake, and a cloudy sky 'proclaims it a fine hunting morning.'

* THIS is the hunter's term for driving deer into the lake with hounds and shooting them in the water.

To bathe, breakfast, and man our boats, was but the work of an hour.

Now, my men, are you all ready? nothing forgotten? Rifles all loaded? ammunition, spy-glasses, life-preservers, all on board?' 'All!' was the ready response from each. 'Now, Lieutenant, you with William and the hounds, take Metoah in the 'Fawn,' and station yourself at Burnt-Point. You, Hawkeye, in the 'Loon' with Red Jacket and Pocahontas, row to mouth of South-Inlet, near to the fallen hemlock. Wingenund, you with Schenedau and Manita in the 'No-you-do n't,' will take your station on the East side of South bay, opposite to Burnt Point. I with Onkahye and Higby, in the 'Starlight,' will watch on Pine Island. Now, attention to the orders. He who *first* sees the deer, alone has the right to shoot him; therefore, each one must keep a sharp look-out, scanning every portion of the lake within range of his glass, as the deer is as likely to break water five miles from where the hounds are put out, as any where. Let not the fascinations of the ladies entice you from your duty, as a feast or famine depends on your watchfulness. On no account must the deer be shot, until all the boats have come up. No boat must leave its station until the deer is seen, or the return gun is heard, which you, Lieutenant, must fire, in case the dogs take the back-track. Now, off to your stations, and remember, the watchwords are: vigilance and caution.'

The army of Napoleon never listened with more attention to an address from their idolized commander, on the eve of some great battle, than did our little band to these words, as they fell from the lips of our noble captain, while laying on our oars, eager to start on our first 'drive.'

Not a breeze was stirring, nor was there a single cloud to temper the rays of an August sun, as our little fleet shot out into the lake, each boat striving to pass the other, until heading for our respective stations so changed our courses as to make further contention useless. The cheers of the ladies, the shouts of the men, and the baying of the hounds, made such a chorus as probably never before waked the slumbering echoes of those forest hills.

In about an hour each boat reached its station, there to await patiently and watchfully the exciting moment when the persecuted deer should 'break water.'

Two, three, four hours sped their course, and the mirror-like surface of the lake remained unbroken, save by the splashing of the fish-hawk, as he darted after his prey, or the ripple of the loon, as he glided from one island to another, and whose long necks oftentimes we would mistake in the distance for the antlers of a stag.

At last I descried the captain's boat pushing off from Pine Island and rowing with great speed in a northerly direction, whence, turning my glass, I saw a magnificent buck, ploughing the lake like a steamer.

In a moment we were in our boat, rowing and paddling with all our force, while the other boats were seen putting off, having discovered the movements of the captain nearly at the same time. Now came the exciting moment. 'Pull, William, for your life; the other boats are gaining on us — ah! that's it — a few more stokes like that and we'll be up with our prize; there! he heads this way! what a noble fellow he is! what antlers! how his brilliant eyes flash as he wildly

turns, seeking for some avenue of escape between our boats: poor fellow! he little thought that, escaping from his brute pursuers he was to fall into the hands of a greater enemy — man. Give way, William, he is making for the shore, we must intercept him, or he is lost: there, that's it: now he turns. What a magnificent sight, as he ploughs the water with his head erect, and his antlers towering like two young saplings; his eyes glowing like beacons, and his nostrils distended like a thorough-bred racer.

As the boats approach the captain's voice is heard. 'Come on, my men; pull lustily; he shall not be shot until you all arrive. Lieutenant, as you are the first to come up with the deer, 't is your privilege to shoot him, but wait for the signal from me.

Then a cry was heard from Metoah: 'Oh! Lieutenant, I beseech you, do not let Hawkeye shoot him; how can you, when he looks so imploringly out of those sad and expressive eyes, so eloquently appealing for mercy; how can you have the heart to kill him? for my sake spare —'

The last words were lost in the report of my rifle, thus ending the entreaties of my fair companion with the life of the deer.

Attaching a rope to his antlers we towed our prize to the camp, the other boats following in our wake, making a sort of triumphal procession, although Metoah remarked it was to her more like a funeral procession.

We reached camp in time to have it dressed for dinner, and *such* a feast, I hope, dear reader, you may often experience. You would naturally imagine that, being cooked so soon after killed, the venison would not be tender, but I assure you that nothing could be more delicious.

'Come Schenedau,' cries the Captain, 'to the spring and fetch us two bottles of champagne, for this day we must offer a libation to Diana for the successful termination of the chase.' The bottles were brought, 'all dripping with coolness and covered with moss,' and the wine almost as cold as if 'frappé'd á la glace.'

In making the libation to the goddess, instead of pouring it on the table, as was the custom of the ancients, we adopted the more modern one of pouring it down our throats, at the same time drinking to the health of our friends in the clearings.

I will here give an outline of the discipline of the camp, so that you may judge how necessary order and system are to the harmony of a party like this.

We rose at seven, bathed, (airing our clothes at the same time, for we always slept in them,) cleaned our rifles, washed out the boats, and ready for breakfast at eight. As the ladies' camp was only four feet from the lake, they had only to step out of their bed of boughs on to a beautiful beach of white sand, where, under the shelter of an arbor vitæ that projected over the water, they took their bath, Narcissus like, making a mirror of the lake, but not, like him, becoming enamored with the reflection.

'T was their duty to set the table, which they did by turns.

After breakfast the Captain would issue the orders for the day, assigning to each man a special duty, one to go to the inlets for fly fish-

ing, another to the 'Buoys' for hand-line fishing, a third to hunt small game, such as partridges, rabbits, etc., a fourth to keep guard at the camp, and so on.

The ladies always accompanied any of the party when so disposed, otherwise they would occupy themselves in reading, sewing, or walking in the woods. Dinner at five, (having only two meals a day,) after which all hands were generally ordered to assist in clearing a path around our territory, 100 acres. At this there would sometimes be a little murmuring, but never an open rebellion. At sun-down a supply of wood for the night was carried to the two fires, after which we were at liberty to occupy our time as most agreeable to ourselves, which, of course, was generally with the ladies, either in their camp, or on the lake, until it was time for 'floating,' (nine o'clock,) at which each took their turn, two floating every night.

Saturday, 4th August.—Rain, rain; went with Puffer to Brown's Tract Inlet, with rifle and rod. Saw no deer; caught about fifteen pounds of trout, average one pound. Mosquitoes awful.

Clear at five, Hawkeye floated up the East-Inlet, and killed three deer, while the Captain with Higby killed four in the South-Inlet.

STORM ON THE LAKE.

6th August.—Cloudy, with strong symptoms of rain. Spent the morning in camp. Took an early dinner and started at five for the East-Inlet, taking Pocahontas with me to gratify her desire to see a deer shot at night. We started thus early, in order to fish at the upper 'spring hole' and float down. No sooner were we fairly out upon the lake than we saw unmistakable signs of an approaching storm. The whole western horizon (which had been shut from our view while in camp, by the density of the woods) was hung as with a pall; the stillness of the air, the cries of the loon, all announced a speedy outbreak of the elements.

'Shall we proceed, or return,' I said to Pocahontas, 'you see the indications of what we may expect, and that before long.'

'Go on,' was her heroic reply, 'I never like 'to put back.' I am well protected by this India-rubber blanket from the rain, and by this life-preserver from accident. So you must act precisely as if I were not with you.' On we went. We had not reached the mouth of the inlet (three miles) when Puffer cried, 'there it comes,' and looking back, we saw, about a mile off, the surface of the lake whitened by the pattering rain, as it came dashing on before the gust. 'Sure enough, there it comes, and with a vengeance. Be careful and let it strike us astern and there is no danger.'

In a few moments it overtook us and sent us flying on our course. We were in hopes that from its violence it would not last long, and by sun-down would clear off, and give us a fine night for floating, so that we continued on to our fishing-ground five miles further, which we reached at seven. Fished an hour, catching about twenty pounds of trout, when, finding there was no abatement of the rain and every appearance of a settled storm, with too much wind to allow our 'Jack' to

burn, Pocahontas reluctantly consented that we should make the best of our way back to camp, which we did forthwith.

On reaching the mouth of the inlet, the clouds seemed to gather themselves from all quarters of the heavens, as if preparing for a grand finale. We had scarcely reached the middle of the lake, when their flood gates were opened and down came a torrent of rain, (to which the previous shower was a mere circumstance,) accompanied with lightning and thunder, and such a gust of wind, that I thought our little skiff was doomed. The darkness was so intense that we could not discern each other, save during the flashes of lightning. The lake appeared like an immense ocean of ink, so black was everything around us. The wind blew a perfect hurricane, kicking up a tremendous sea which, washing over the gunwales, threatened every moment to engulf us. 'Keep her head to the sea, Puffer, and try to hold your own,' I cried, 'for to make headway against it is impossible. It is too violent to last long, and if we can only keep afloat ten minutes longer we are safe.'

Whether from confidence in her pilot, or her life-preserver, I know not, but in all this war of elements my fair companion was perfectly fearless, and seemed to enjoy the awful grandeur of the scene in proportion as the storm increased, and so should I, *perhaps*, had I not felt the great responsibility of so valuable a life in my charge.

It was indeed sublime to witness such vivid flashes of lightning, increased in intensity by the dark curtain which surrounded us, and to hear the peals of thunder, taken up by the echoes of the mountains and repeated until another peal burst, making a continuous roar of heaven's artillery. By constant bailing we managed to keep afloat, and as I predicted, in twenty minutes the clouds broke away, the wind lulled, and we could discern the outline of the opposite shore. In a few minutes more the rain ceased entirely, the sea went down, so as to enable us to head for camp, where we arrived at about eleven o'clock, thanks to PROVIDENCE and Puffer.

We found our friends on the beach all anxiously looking out for us, and much alarmed for our safety. Our clothes were not only wet through, but our very skin was saturated, from having been so long rained upon. After a cup of hot tea and a thorough basting before a rousing fire, I 'turned in,' and murmuring thanks to God for our preservation in sleep, soon forgot the dangers we had passed.

9th August.—Six of our party left us to-day to visit Blue Mountain, to see the sun set and rise from its summit, taking Puffer with them and two boats. Floated with Higby.

10th August.—Rained in torrents all last night, much to the discomfort of the Blue Mountain party. Went to South-Inlet to get the deer I shot last night. Returning crossed the south bay, against a strong westerly gale and a very heavy sea. At dark, the party not yet arrived from Blue Mountain. Built a bonfire on the end of the point for a beacon to guide them, as the gale still continued and the lake was wrapped in darkness. At nine, the Captain getting anxious, ordered Higby to take a boat, with provisions to mouth of the inlet, thinking

and hoping they would not venture to cross the lake this dark and stormy night, but encamp on the other side.

Higby had been gone about fifteen minutes when our hearts were gladdened by a shout from off the lake, and presently one of the boats made its appearance, with Red Jacket, Schenedau and the hunter, but no ladies. Where is the other boat? we anxiously inquired. 'Why, has it not arrived?' replied Puffer, 'it put out into the lake sometime before us, and we thought, of course, we should find them here. As Hawkeye pulls the strongest oar, and having the tightest boat, thought it best for the ladies to go with him, our boat having sprung a leak coming over the rapids, and as you see, is half full of water.' Our anxiety was now intense, for our fears were that, being so heavily laden, the boat had swamped, (being only built to carry three persons,) and that they were at this moment drifting about the lake at the mercy of the waves.

Our first impulse was to man all the boats and scour the lake in search of them, but before the last boat pushed off, the well-known war-whoop of Hawkeye rose above the gale, (which now roared through the pines with a most dismal moan,) dispelling our fears, and bearing to a father's heart such joy as only a parent can feel, for both son and daughter of our beloved Captain were in that tiny skiff.

'Thank God we are safe,' was the exclamation of Hawkeye, as the keel of his boat grated on the sand. 'See to your daughter, father, for she has fainted, and give us all a little brandy, as we are wet through and through by the dashing waves.'

Sure enough, there was Manita lying in the bottom of the boat, with her head in the lap of Metoah, and Pocahontas in the stern a perfect picture of resignation. Would that I could convey some idea of that scene, as by the light of our blazing torches the father bore the lifeless form of his fair daughter in his arms, while we assisted the other ladies (who could scarcely walk from fatigue and want of food) to the camp. But I'll not imprison in words a scene that you can so much better imagine. The motion and the application of cold water soon restored Manita to consciousness, and a cup of hot tea so revived them all, that they began relating their adventures, which the Captain soon put a stop to, by ordering them instantly to bed, and in the morning would listen with pleasure to their recital.

11th August.—Raining; Captain brought home twenty pounds of trout to-day from East Inlet, fortunately, or else should have had another dinner on bread and pork, as we have shot no deer for two days. Puffer came into camp this afternoon with news that there was a bear in the neighborhood, as he found the carcasses of the deer he had dressed drawn some distance from where he had thrown them, which could have been done by no other animal than old bruin. Set a trap for him.

12th.—Was awakened early with a shout from William Wood that the bear was caught. Leaping from our beds, we seized our rifles and rushed to the boats, while Hawkeye, with a gun and rifle in each hand, commenced dancing an Indian war-dance, so excited was he at the prospect of shooting a bear. 'Hold,' cries the Captain, 'not a boat stirs until the ladies are ready.' In fifteen minutes the whole party, in

four boats, were on the way to the scene of action, which was on the shores of the lake, about a mile from camp.

Sure enough, there was one poor victim so exhausted with his struggles to escape from the iron jaws of the trap that he scarcely deigned to notice our presence, but kept up that weaving motion so peculiar to the bear, and appeared far less excited and alarmed than were his persecutors. Seeing that he was firmly held by the fore-foot, we approached within a rod of him, and after viewing him a while and wondering what he would do if he should escape, Hawkeye performed the part of executioner by putting a bullet through his head. 'We'll have meat for dinner to-day, any how,' I cried. 'Yes,' said Metoah, 'for those who chose to eat it; I'll not, you may depend on that, if I starve.' '*Nous verrons*, my dear lady; you may be glad enough to get it before we are out of the woods.'

To-day molasses gave out and reduced to an allowance of rice and of rolls, fearing the flour might give out also, as there appeared to be no satisfying our appetites.

Sunday.—Weather clear and cool. Breakfasted on bear's meat, and yellow rolls spoiled by too much soda. Dinner, same, with the addition of a little smoked venison and a few potatoes, hot from the Blue Mountain. Went to church with Onkahye on the top of 'Eagles' Crag,' a hill that overlooks the lake, where we had an eloquent sermon from the 'stones and running brooks.'

To a rightly constituted mind, how much more effective and impressive is a communion with God's works in a vast solitude like this, when you see the undeniable evidence of His wisdom and power in all around you, than the best discourse that ever issued from a pulpit.

Camp smoked so, preferred sleeping in the hammock. As I lay with my face up-turned towards the stars which, now concealed, now revealed, by the waving tree tops, as if playing bo-peep with a mortal on earth, I could not but compare my situation with the multitude now thronging the watering places, cooped up in boxes twelve by eight feet, fed like sheep from a public crib, changing their dresses four or five times a day, with every change of scene in the fashionable drama of 'Who's the Dupe?' there enacted, all actors and actresses, no spectators; all artifice and energy, no nature and truth: while

'Ours the wild life of tumult, still to range,
From toil to rest and joy in every change,'

with no limit to our lodging-room, the mighty forest for our hotel, for ever breathing the pure air of heaven, living a life of primitive simplicity, such as God intended man to live, and seeking our pleasures in such natural excitements as bring no reaction with them. There was no dressing every morning in a manner the most becoming, no putting the best foot forward, no mawkish sensibility of taste, no endeavor to excel, except in contributing to the happiness of others, but each one followed the dictates of his own natural impulses.

With these thoughts I fell asleep, and was awakened in the morning by the rain pattering on my face. Rain, rain!—when shall we have two consecutive days without rain?

14th.—Rain again. The Captain proposed there should be no floating to-night, but have a *soirée* in the ladies' camp, a sort of fancy party: as we all had fancy dresses, (in fact we had nothing else,) and fancy names, we had only to act out our respective characters.

Assembled at eight. Music at half-past eight from Schenedau's band, which consisted of his flute, with a running accompaniment of pattering rain and whistling winds, assisted occasionally by a screech-owl (which, attracted by the sound, had perched itself directly over our heads) and two loons on the lake.

L I N E S

TO ONE WHO WILL UNDERSTAND THEM.

It is the early summer-time:
 To bees the flowers are listening,
 And basking in the genial dews
 The young green leaves are glistening.
 Oh! thirty years ago they shone
 In just such freshening brightness,
 Where you and I have met alone
 To watch their sparkling lightness;
 Since you and I were girl and boy
 Three decades have past over,
 Since I and you met trusting true
 Amid the budding clover.

We each within each other's eyes
 Read naught of sin or sorrow:
 As free from earthly taint their light
 As rays that come to-morrow
 From some far star for whose bright beams
 This world has watched and waited,
 Throughout the long, long term of years
 That it has been created.
 But what cared we how long each ray
 Through space had been a rover?
 Our ten years' charms were in our arms
 Amid the budding clover.

And now whose arm is round your waist,
 Whose children call you mother?
 There was a time you might be mine,
 And now each loves another.
 But don't they, won't they, some long night,
 Come stealing through our slumbers,
 Our feelings, thoughts, before our years
 Had reached a dozen numbers?
 Four thousand miles may part us now;
 What's distance to a lover?
 Our spirits meet as when we met
 Amid the budding clover.

ROBERT TURNER.

WHEN THE SULTAN GOES TO ISPAHAN.

BY T. B. ALDRICH.

[ARABIC.]

*When the Sultan Shah-Zaman
Goes to the city Ispahan,
Even before he gets so far
As the place where the clustered palm-trees are,
At the last of the thirty palace-gates,
The Pet of the Harem, ROSE-IN-BLOOM,
Orders a feast in his favorite room:
Ices and sherbets, sugared dates,
Syrian apples, Othmanee quinces,
Limes, and citrons, and apricots,
And wines that are known to Eastern princes:
And Nubian slaves, with smoking pots
Of spiced meats and costliest fish,
And all that the daintiest palate could wish,
Pass in and out of the golden doors!
And scattered over the jeweled floors
Are anemones, myrtles and violets,
And a musical fountain throws its jets
Of an hundred colors into the air!
The dusk Sultana loosens her hair,
And stains with the henna-plant the tips
Of her pearly nails, and moistens her lips
With carmine waters.*

Waving her hand,
The dancing girls of Samarcand
Float in like mists from Fairy-land!
And then to the low, voluptuous swoons
Of music rise and fall the moons
Of their full brown bosoms! Orient blood
Runs in their veins, flames in their eyes:
And there, in this Eastern Paradise,
Filled with the fumes of sandal-wood,
And Khoten musk, and aloes and myrrh,
Sits ROSE-IN-BLOOM on a silk divan,
Sipping the wines of Alspahan;
And her Arab lover sits with her!
*That's when the Sultan Shah-Zaman
Goes to the city Ispahan!*

Now, when I see an extra light
Flaming, flickering on the night
From my neighbor's window opposite,
I know as well as I know to pray,
I know as well as a tongue can say,
*That the innocent Sultan Shah-Zaman
Has gone to the city Ispahan!*
For leading this sort of Orient life,
I rather think, is my neighbor's wife!

C A R I E O F C A M B R I D G E .

'If this were played upon a stage, now,
I could condemn it as an improbable fiction.'—TWELFTH NIGHT.

WHILE residing in Europe, I became acquainted with a young American, whom I learned to love like a brother. From the first I knew that something weighed heavily upon his mind. He was always sad. We wandered, (how often !) along the sylvan banks of the Danube, and seated in some lonely spot, he would again and again unburden to me his troubled and weeping soul. Eugene was young, amiable, and brilliant.

When beginning professional life, he had accidentally become acquainted with a young lady who appreciated his good qualities, and soon loved him dearly. They became engaged. 'But,' said my friend, 'I married her, without loving her. She was beautiful. I knew that she was good — was all that heart could desire ; but I married her only for the deep and earnest affection she bore to me. We were happy : her goodness, her kindness, her innumerable graces soon won my heart, and insensibly I came to love her with a fervor and devotion that time nor place can ever change.

'Oh ! how my affections twined around that angelic being, who was too sweet, too good for this world, living as she did for me alone ! She died. On her death-bed I promised her that I would never marry again, but would weep for her on earth and meet her in Heaven.'

A broken-hearted man, he gave up his profession, travelled abroad, and thus did I come to know him, and honor his generous heart.

On one occasion we ascended together a lofty mountain, near Vienna, in order to dine in the room where Mozart caught his finest inspirations, and enjoy a prospect second to none in the world. It was the loveliest day that ever smiled upon the Cetean Alps and the broad Danubian plain. Far beneath our feet rolled the rushing waters of 'the Father of European rivers.' We looked down upon vistas of hills, blushing with mellow grapes, and fields of waving grain. Before us were walled-cities, and battle-fields, and green islands, smiling up from the broad Danubius, and all the works of man. To the westward towered the snowy Alps, with the fleecy mantles hung around them by the clouds, the smiling daughters of old Ocean winging their way on the soft wings of the winds.

And far beyond the gorgeous Alps and the blue ocean floated away my thoughts to my Owasco home :

'Among the seven fair lakes that lie
Like mirrors in the western sky.'

There, reclining among the ruins, on the summit of Kolenberg, did Eugene repeat to me the story of his love and sorrow. I felt for him. I

could have wept with him, for I do not envy the man who cannot feel another's woes, who has no tears to shed over buried affections. 'Noble Eugene!' I exclaimed, 'the very angels in Heaven must have smiled when thou, without loving, didst give up all for the love of an angelic woman!'

'And why do you so sympathize with me?' inquired Eugene.

'Shall I tell you?

'Listen, then, patiently, for it is the story of a life.

'As you well know, Eugene, I graduated in medicine at Harvard. My residence was in Boston. At the same time there lived in Cambridge an old college-mate of mine, who was connected with the Law-School. Within a week after receiving his bachelor's degree, Joseph had married one of the sweetest girls in Connecticut. I almost envied the happy circumstances under which my friend alleviated his legal toil with so much conjugal bliss, for Joseph was a Rinaldo alike in labor and in love. I often went over to Cambridge to spend an evening with them: it was so pleasant to talk over old college times. And then my long walks homeward, over Cambridge bridge! Before me lay Boston, asleep in the city-embracing arms of her noble bay. There were dim vistas of ships, and towns, and distant dreamy landscapes. From the neighboring battle-field rose a granite obelisk, cleaving the still air with its sharp outlines, and seeming to lose itself among the myriad orbs of night. There it stood, like some old Nilotic monument gray with centuries — a towering Pharos, whose cloud-kissing-summit shall shoot rays of liberty to distant realms, and give light and freedom to unborn generations.

'The long rows of lamps, uniting the city with her suburbs, gleamed like strings of pearls hung there to decorate the fair child of old Ocean, whose waters dimpled and danced below.

'In one of these evening visits, I was introduced to Carie of Cambridge. Here is her miniature, Eugene, taken not long after I became acquainted with her, and treasured since like a costly jewel. Do you wonder that I became interested in Carie, and sought to perpetuate the sweetest of delusions? She was a lovely, silken-eyelashed creature, just grown and rounded into faultless features and innumerable sweetnesses of womanhood. Save in a chin and neck that Melpomene might have envied, and a pair of well-chiseled lips married with rose-buds, I have seen women as beautiful as Carie. But how shall I convey the irresistible charm of her looks and smiles? How describe the melody of her voice, and the sweet eloquence of her soft, hazel eyes? With the mystery of her habitual thoughtfulness was singularly blended a natural mobility and playfulness of expression. Carie's thoughts often put on a subdued and pensive cast, and in moments of sadness she would look out from beneath those long, moist lashes, as the parting sun would sometimes fain look from beneath a weeping cloud upon the warm, tear-jeweled earth. In a Catholic land she would have idolized the cross, and been a *spirituelle* worshipper of saintly pictures. But then there were sudden bursts of innocent, animating joy:

'And where it most showed no one could discover —
In cheek, lip, or eye, for she brightened all over,
Like any fair lake that a breeze is upon,
When it breaks into dimples and laughs in the sun.'

'In the refined circles of Cambridge there may have been others more brilliant and witty than Carie, and possessed of gay accomplishments which she desired not; but in no female have I ever seen so many happy *nuances* of intellectual worth and culture, with modest graces, and winning sweetnesses of disposition. She clothed the lovely features of her soul with garments of goodness. Though young, the chambers of her mind were filled with beautiful ideas gathered apparently for others, like the drops of moisture that are drawn upward from the ocean, not for the selfish sky, but to descend again upon the earth in the falling rain and the infinitesimal dew. Where her companions knew lines of poetry, Carie could repeat pages; and what was most beautiful, her sparkling draughts of Helicon were tempered with heavenly water

'From Siloa's brook that flowed
Fast by the oracle of God.'

'Beside the charm of Carie's conversation, there was something indescribably touching and suggestive in her music. Flowing from the heart it rose to the heart, as the stream will rise to the level of its fountain. I have sometimes, Eugene, been aware of a kindred influence, when in Italy we listened together to Piccolomini. Carie's music was not artistic, but I know that her sweet notes penetrated the depths of my soul, and cherished precious thoughts there just as the rays of sunlight pierce through the opaline waves and the crystal strata underneath, to nourish beautiful pearls in the still, glassy caves of the ocean. And Carie was so tender and winning in her gentle ways, and yet so dignified and firm in her purpose! You could not swerve her from her fixed intent. The oak is not more firmly rooted than were her principles of action; but her affections went out to cluster round every cherished object, even as the oak-leaves turn to kiss the light, and are swayed by the gentlest zephyr. Such, Eugene, was Carie of Cambridge; not all-perfect and above nature, like the heroines of romance, but so good, and true, and beautiful, that I verily came to think of her as living upon the earth to assure me of the existence of the angels in Heaven.

'I need hardly tell you that I became a frequent visitor in Carie's family. Her parents were intelligent people, and given to hospitality. The temptation to lay aside the scalpel grew more urgent; and as spring ripened into summer, my health more than ever seemed to require recreation in the pure air of Cambridge. If in these long walks I saw less of Joseph and his young wife, it was not that I loved them less, but that I revelled with ever-increasing delight in the new world they had opened to me.

'Carie and myself often rode out to Mount Auburn. Who that has visited the Athens of America has not wished to spend another hour in that most beautiful Harvest-Field of God? has not almost wished that he might sleep there after death, away from the din of cities? so still

and cathedral-like are its shady retreats. I do not think there can be a sweeter resting-place for the departed than the quiet, sylvan Mount Auburn. Carie knew all the labyrinthine turnings and windings of its embowered paths, and acted as my *cicerone* to the monuments which she most admired. There was one, erected in memory of a physician who had died in Rome, around which we loved to linger. On one side was Sorrow veiling her face; on the other were angels whose features and drapery were exquisitely beautiful. Under the cunning hand of the artist the marble seemed to have lost its material nature, and put on an airy and spiritual form, wherein lies, indeed, the true essence of beauty.

'Seated before that petrified image of grief, appearing almost to breathe, I related to Carie one of the most touching incidents of the Grecian drama. It was the sacrifice of Iphigenia :

'RENT on the earth her maiden robe she throws,
That emulates the rose:
And on the sad attendants rolling
The trembling lustre of her dewy eyes,
Their grief-impassioned souls controlling;
That ennobled, modest grace
Which the mimic pencil tries
In the imaged form to trace,
The breathing picture shows.'

And when Timathes, the painter, designed the sorrow of Agamemnon, he drew a veil over the face of the king of men, as not being able to express a father's grief.

'It was a sweet summer evening : and what thoughts such an hour suggests in Mount Auburn ! Where poverty and wealth, and littleness and greatness moulder side by side, our pride stands rebuked, and subdued feelings of a tender sadness, with which we would not part, steal gently over the soul. Every thing around us is emblematical of decay ; and where else can man and nature so sympathize with each other ? Yet, by a strange contrast, one's thoughts often assume a poetical if not a romantic cast, among the dew-weeping monuments of the dead, and the entanglements of leafy, mound-embosoming glades invite to the sweeter entanglements of love. Seated on the velvety grass, we conversed long together.

'SEE, sweet CARIE !
See the arching trees above us,
With their rough arms and their stout hearts :
Leaves of hand-shape and of heart-shape,
Leafy hands and leafy fingers,
Talking, listening to each other.
How they twine their arms together,
Sighing oft with dulcet sweetness :
Tender branchlets intertwining
Through the golden bars of sun-shine,
Whispering sweetly with each other,
Hand to hand and heart to heart,
Sweetly whispering together.
And, my friend, replied sweet CARIE,
Listen to the airy songsters,
Pouring forth their liquid language,
Twitt'ring o'er their plaints and pleasures,
Interspersing songs with maxims,

Mellifluous songs with wisest maxims ;
 The dear musicians of the good God !
 'Would that I were not !' the Pigeon,
 Ever sighing, melancholy.
 'Pity others,' chirps the Hooper ;
 'And pity thou wilt have,' the Robin.
 'Life is fleeting,' screams the Sky-Lark.
 'Death is coming,' croaks the Raven.'

'Toward sun-set one beautiful evening, Carie and myself were walking down the shady avenue which leads to a silvery sheet of water near Mount Auburn. How distinctly I remember the tree under which we paused to rest. Seated there by Carie's side, I related, in the *abandon* of our familiar conversation, two of the saddest incidents connected with my professional studies, with my life. How I came to speak to her of these buried secrets I cannot say. Carie was no lover of insipid romance. Her sensitive soul shrank from the gross and the material. But without living in a world of fiction, she could admire its great heroes, and weep with its unfortunates. She was especially fond of those strange *nuances* of the beautiful, the marvellous, and the terrible, which happen, indeed, in the experience of us all, but which produce only in certain susceptible natures the written romance and tragedy of life. But after all, the grandest histories are unnarrated, the divinest poesies are unwritten, the noblest songs are unsung, and the sweetest music is that of the soul. These are of the spirit, and soar upward ; words are material, and drag them down to earth.

'On the farm adjoining my father's lived a gentleman whose only child, a rosy, fair-haired daughter, was born just two years after myself, wanting a single day. Much of our childhood was passed together. On my way to school I always stopped at the big house, where lived little blue-eyed Lull, to lead her along with me and carry her tiny basket. She was a perfect rose-bud of beauty.

'HIRE mouth was swete as basket or the meth,
 Or hoard of apples laid in hay or heath.'

We thought a world of each other ; and, next to my mother, Lull was the dearest creature to me on earth. In the borrowed prattle of aproned-children, they called me her beau, and I never denied that Lull was my sweetheart. Often as we went to the old red school-house, hand in hand,

'OCCUPIED in petty theft,
 Oft I seized a young intruder,
 And with kiss, and nothing ruder,
 Compressed her till her gushing soul
 Through her lips came warm and whole,
 As the grape gives under pressure
 Nectar juice and pulpy treasure.'

'Ah ! the golden memory of those childhood days, when months and years seemed so long because we had lived so few to compare them with ; when we built play-houses, typical, they say, of the dwellings we now inhabit ; but oh ! how unlike the great castles of our youth, in which, I fear me, we shall never live, though they sometimes seem so near us on yonder azure hills ! Would that for once we could lay off the weight of years, and being small again, and innocent, play 'young-

folks,' as then, without pride or selfishness, we played 'old-folks' in our grassy, moss-roofed houses, beneath the spreading branches of the elm ! In those long, sunny days, I was ever Lull's companion, except when corn had to be dropped in the spring, and our sheep were washed in the lake near by. Then, as a reward for dropping the golden kernels, I was permitted to pull the reluctant lambs into the water by their tiny horns, and wash their snowy fleeces. Sometimes I almost pitied the innocent victims of my sport, panting with fear, and looking so sorrowfully out of their soft, mild eyes ; and not unfrequently was myself the vanquished one instead of the victor.

'At the parties and apple-parings for the small folks of our neighborhood, little Lull was ever the object of my sympathetic attentions. The greatest joy of the evening was the last play in which we did wed the little cherry-lipped girls without having wooed them ever. Marching round and round in winding procession, we would pause, and, couple by couple, have the marriage-wreath woven around us by a chorus of child-voices :

'Now you are come to be married,
Happy may you be.
Join your hands in Hymen bands,
By the laws of America we command,
By the laws of America you must abide :
Now, salute your lovely bride.'

And Lull, the little, dimple-fingered beauty, without raising her eyes would hold up for me the rosiest cherub-lips, the warm pressure of which was the only heaven whereof I had any very distinct idea. Since then I have mingled with the gay, and studied the thoughts of the poets ; but amid the jeweled beauty of the Tuileries have sighed for the unalloyed enjoyment of those boyhood hours, and have found nothing so poetical in the wrapt melodies of Milton, or in the immortal words which the blind bard of Ios sang sweetly on *Ægean's* lonely isles.

'Once indeed were Lull's eyes red from weeping for me ; and my poor mother, how shall I forget her frantic terror ? One sultry June afternoon Lull and myself were playing in the shade on the wave-washed beach of the *Owasco*, in company with a number of boys and girls much older than we. Well do I remember that day, so calm and quiet.,

'Owasco's water sweetly slept,
Owasco's banks were bright and green ;
The willow on her margin wept,
The wild-fowl on her wave was seen.'

'Now we gathered curious shells and 'skipped' smooth pebbles, and then paused to watch, with child-wonder, the clouds, seeming to assume the form of the mountains, the forests, and the lakes over which they passed, or moulding themselves into dissolving views of lofty towers and battlements, and silver-crested giants, whose dark shadows chased each other with even flight,

'On the right hand and the left hand,
O'er the valleys and the hill-tops.'

'It was the time for sudden showers. Had we looked more carefully westward through the tree-tops, we might have already seen the fleecy

festoons gathering in dark threatening masses, and heard with listening ear the muttering of distant thunder. Idly resting its prow on the pebbly beach was a solitary skiff, around which we had been playing some time in the warm crystal water. I was induced to enter the same, and a boy of twice my own age, O cruel sport! pushed it from the shore. The slight wind wafted the skiff slowly away. Before any attempt was made to save me I was beyond their reach, not frightened, but rocking the frail and oarless cradle, and thinking it the finest sport in the world. We were far from any house, and the nearest boat was a mile below.

‘Onward came the storm, its first breath weaving the playful ripples into crisped smiles. Faster and faster I was wafted from the shore. Tempest-darkness began to settle down upon the hills. Fitful gusts of wind, followed by hushes of stillness, curled the crisped smiles into yeasty, foam-capped waves. As the low clouds shut out from view the retreating shore, I dimly saw persons hurrying to-and-fro and a female wildly stretching her arms over the angry water as if to rescue me from impending death. But I was not afraid, I was too young to comprehend danger, and enjoyed the grandeur of those dreadful moments. Then the lightnings leaped from cloud to cloud, drawing their sapphire threads athwart the sky! How the rattling thunders echoed from cliff to cliff on either shore, and seemed to die away, reëchoing in the voiceful caves of the water-covered hills. Never have I beheld so grand a sight — but a bold arm reaching through the darkness snatched me from a watery grave.

‘Time sped on with ever-quickenings wings, and Time that changeth all things changed us, changed Lull’s child-frankness into the reserve of modest girlhood, changed to darker tints the tresses of her golden hair, changed her child-passion for me into a tender sister-love. Farm-work kept me from school in summer, and the pleasantest meetings for us in winter were when our families exchanged long evening visits.

‘In my sixteenth year I was ill many months — Lull was often with me. Happening one day during the long convalescence to look over our family library, I found there a little book, the reading of which completely changed the current of my thoughts. I determined to devote myself to study, and as my naturally frail constitution had been so impaired as to render useless my services on the farm, the parental consent was cheerfully granted. Then came the long terms at a distant academy. During the vacations Lull and myself were much together, for we were indeed brother and sister to each other. She sympathized with my pursuits, which made her trebly dear to me. And, thoughtless maiden! wouldst thou encourage the ambitious and high-hearted boy of thy choice, wouldst thou make him bless thee, nay, love thee dearly, interest thyself in his studies. Ah! those happy vacation-days. My last hours, however, I gave to my dearest friend, for I felt that although the good God had given me much to enjoy on earth, He had given me but one mother.

‘Time sped on with ever-quickenings wings. I left the academy to enter college, whither my father conveyed me in our family carriage.

On the evening of the third day we wound down the valley which expands into the wider reaches of the Mohawk, where

'PATRIOT blood flowed fast and free
On thy red fields, Oriskany.'

Beautiful valley! with thy mists and grassy meads, with thy smiling villages linked like pearls on a chain of silver, with thy glorious hills laying, morning and evening, in alternate homage, their golden shadows at each other's feet! Away among the fiery pillars of the West were hung the golden standard of the sun-set, when we slowly wound our way up between the rows of poplars to my student-home, my future *Alma Mater*. Since that evening eight successive summers have flown past, and my roving feet have traversed oceans and continents. Not amid the expiring strata of ancient civilizations; not where the Lyceum stood and in the groves in which Plato taught; not in the halls of European learning, have I felt the joyful emotions I experienced that evening when approaching the mansions of wisdom and intelligence on 'College Hill.'

'But before the termination of my first college year the companion of my childhood sickened unto death. After the examination I hastened home. I stood by Lull's bed-side when she died, her soft little hand laid in mine. The roses faded away from her lips, but the sweet smile with which she had ever greeted me, still played around them, only it was more angelic. And as her soul took its homeward flight it seemed to whisper to me:

'ELLA già mossa disse; Al credo mio
Tu starai in terra senza me gran tempo.'

'Her disease had been of a mysterious nature, and the attending physician obtained the consent of the parents to institute a post-mortem examination. Knowing that it was my intention to pursue the study of medicine, he kindly invited me to be present. I must have been as pale as the breathless form by which we stood. Yet with strange wonder did I follow the cunning hand of the anatomist, searching for the hidden causes of death. And as I stood there, the thought came to my mind, 'Must thy body, beautiful Lull, become food for worms? Would that I could rescue what remains of thee from the insatiable tomb! Would that for once the grave might be despoiled of a victim! In thy childhood prattle thou didst often give me thy heart: now will I claim it, now save it from the consuming worm!' And to remove the heart while the physician was engaged in an adjoining room was but the work of a moment. I thrust it, streaming with blood, into my bosom over my own throbbing heart, to which it beat no longer in response. But it seemed to me that the scarlet stain upon my vest would never disappear. For a long time a preparation of Lull's heart stood upon my table. No one ever suspected whose it was. Even her parents often saw and admired it, but they never knew the secret of its history, nor ever will, unless they learn it from these pages.

'And, sweet Lull, wilt thou forgive me? Was it then but a dream of mine that thy pure spirit didst beseech the angel not to record my

cruelty, and if recorded, blot it out with a tear for ever? Thy sister-love is not forgotten! Often do I recall thy image in which are reflected so many of my early joys. But to recall thee to earth I have no wish. Thou wast too pure and spiritual for its gross elements. Even now, sweet Lull, I hear thy infant, bird-like song:

‘I’d like to be an angel,
With a crown upon my head.’

‘Time passed on with ever-quickenings wings. I heard my first course of medical lectures in a provincial school. My room-mate was a man after my own heart. To know George was to admire him — was to respect all whom he honored with his attentions. He was possessed of all the possible accomplishments of young men united with a force of character and a degree of wisdom that belong to mature age. I never felt inclined to jest with him. Of becoming modesty, and a young man of whom every one presaged magnificent things, he was involuntarily the centre of every circle in which he moved, and inferior minds ranged themselves around him — they could not tell why.

‘From being utter strangers, thrown together by accident, we soon became most intimate friends. I believe there was not one secret which George kept from me, for we

‘Talked with naked hearts together.’

He was not of a romantic turn of mind, and never lived upon estates in Spain. Notwithstanding his sympathies and his ardor alike in his studies and his loves, George was the most unpoetical of men: and yet, as sometimes happens with such persons, the story of his engagement was a fine tissue of romance, interwoven with curious incidents of life and imbroglis of affection.

‘He was engaged to be married with Mary, of M. ——. I never asked the name of the family. George never alluded to it, for young men like best the poetry of one short appellation. George saw her first at a watering-place. She was as unlike his ideal as a rose is unlike the flower of the water-lily, but with him it was love at first sight. She was reserved. Though not unmindful of his attentions, she seemed to have the coldness of a marble palace. When beneath the trembling stars, George declared to her his consuming passion, she did not draw her hand from his, but looked down and gave not a whisper in reply. When he repeated it again and again, she dropped her head upon her bosom and answered not a word. To his letters, perfumed and impassioned with affection, she replied promptly and gracefully, but with consummate art avoided an answer to his earnest appeals. Only once did she venture to say, whether in girlish sport or in tender earnestness, George could not divine:

—— ‘Love moderately: long love doth so;
Too-swift arrives as tardy as too-slow.’

But when they met again she gave him her heart, and promised him her hand. The hidden streams of affection had run long beneath the

surface, and when they welled forth, it was a fountain of overflowing fulness. And George in his stately marble palace found an Oracle whose Pithya was moved by the divinest inspiration of love.

‘They had been separated but a short time when a giddy young friend spent an evening with Mary. She had known George well, and Mary innocently let her into their secret. After the parting kiss had been given, she solemnly declared to Mary that George had deceived her — that he was engaged to another. The loved one was enraged. She sat down, and in a letter to George poured forth tenderly, the fierce invective of an injured woman’s soul. She named him false and heartless, without even an allusion to the nature of his fault. She declared that his name should never again pass from her lips, and forbade him to visit her, to write her, or to attempt a reconciliation in any manner, whatever might be his excuse. Then, the same evening — O hasty revenge! — she addressed a letter to a former suitor, accepting the offer of his hand. The sealed messengers had hardly taken their flight, the one bearing death to plans long cherished, the other life to hopes long deferred, when Mary was told by her friend that it was only a jest. And when the latter saw the deep wrong she had done, she threw her arms around the neck of the injured one and weeping in despair besought her forgiveness. Such, however, was the effect upon Mary’s mind, that for some time she would not listen to a reconciliation with him from whom she had been so rudely torn. But a mutual friend brought them together; and again it was sunshine for poor George.

‘We had thus lived together scarcely three weeks when one day it was announced that a female had been buried in the village with whose sudden death many remarkable circumstances had been connected. The family were strangers. Their daughter had been taken ill in the cars, and died, as was supposed, of a most rare and interesting form of disease, a few hours after their arrival at the hotel. That night a number of collegiates met in our room for a social entertainment. It was in the month of December, and a furious storm was driving over the land. Seated at the table we would now and then pause and listen to the winds howling and shrieking round the old college-walls with a funeral wail. It was such a night as one loves not to remember.

‘The recent death was alluded to: the supposed disease became a subject of discussion. Warm words followed. In the heat of the controversy one of my companions proposed that we should obtain the corpse and by an autopsical examination settle the disputed point. From this most of them appeared at first to shrink. Not one of us had ever played the part of a resurrectionist. But the novelty of the thing, the spirit of adventure to which it appealed, and the scientific enthusiasm of many of my companions, outweighed all possible scruples and objections. Not one among them, however, possessed aught of that base spirit which would wantonly disturb the silent dead; not one of them would have wished to rob even the grave of a victim for a purely selfish or improper purpose.

‘We learned that the deceased had been buried temporarily in the neighboring cemetery, and was to be removed to an Eastern city in the spring. Hence it was determined to accomplish our purpose in such a

manner as never to excite suspicion, even should the face of the dead be afterward exposed. Every thing was to be restored precisely as we found it, and the work was to be done with such neatness that not even the grave itself would ever disclose the dreadful secret of that night.

‘With slow and solemn stroke the old village-clock pealed forth the hour of eleven as we descended into the streets well muffled and supplied with spades and dark lanterns. I am in no danger of forgetting that fearful night, how the bird-killing storm swept past, driving the snow like cutting sleet, whirling it in mid-air and piling it here and there in wavy fantastic drifts. One who had witnessed the burial in the afternoon led us to the freshly-closed grave. Nothing short of absolute necessity could have driven people forth on such a night, but one of our number was stationed near the gate to guard against possible surprise. I think there were gloomy thoughts in the minds of us all. No one was inclined to speak. The fresh mound of clay was not yet deeply frozen. In twenty minutes we had almost reached the coffin, when all at once a bright light twinkled for a moment in the direction of the gate, and was as suddenly extinguished. We understood the signal; and a moment afterward came a voice on the wind, half-speaking half-whispering a few yards from us in the darkness: ‘Fly! fly! we are discovered!’ Those standing around the grave disappeared at once: the others scrambled out, reeking with perspiration, to hide themselves behind the nearest monuments.

‘What can it be? thought I, as I lay crouched behind a tombstone trembling at the fearful consequences of detection. Having remained some time in this position I crept silently toward the grave. There I found George. A storm-delayed traveller had passed down the road, and hence the signal for us to flee. It was some time before my frightened companions could be brought together again, and one of them be induced to descend into the grave with myself. The box inclosing the coffin was soon laid bare and carefully raised to the surface of the ground. Then we removed the latter, and having wrapped it in a blanket, proceeded on our way to the village, not along the highway, but by a circuitous route through the fields. By this time my own imagination had become greatly excited. I am no believer in ghosts, but that dreary mid-night air seemed filled with ghostly beings. Now they would appear to support with invisible fingers the weight pressing upon our shoulders; now phantom-like, and with unseen locks streaming in the wind they would flit before us, and then with glowering eyes stare wildly at us, their breathless faces held close to our own.

‘WAILING sounds from the tombs were there,
And wailing voices from the air:
Grim goblins howled and spirits glanced,
And the ghosts in a circle round
In the darkness danced a phantom-dance
And shrieked with a mournful sound.’

A wild and gloomy procession ours, with no chanting priest or gurgling choir! — with no music, or song, or funeral pall!

‘Thus we reached my chamber, and with scrupulous care removed the corpse from the richly-furnished coffin and laid it upon the marble

table. Carefully and as little as possible did we disturb the snowy vestments of the tomb. Under the gossamer folds were the dim outlines of a face of classic beauty, but no one ventured to remove them for fear that the glassy eyes should meet his own, or the pale lips of the dead move in condemnation of our cruel act.

‘O reader! the body is divine.

‘He who looks upon departed humanity as worthless, will regard breathing humanity as little worth. The insulter of the dead would insult the living. He who would trifle with the sanctities of the grave, would at the bar trifle with justice and mercy, would in the pulpit trifle with the sacred mysteries of religion. Say not that the physician is less believing or more heartless than other men. Is he bad? His own will hath made him so, not his profession. Is he skeptical? Verily,

‘The undevout physician is mad.’

‘Hast thou not often found in him a friend — a friend who can keep thy secrets, and give thee more consolation in the hour of trial than even thy brother? With the physician, if he has a heart, the sanctities of thy inmost life are sacred. He loves thee — may I say it? — as the father loves his first-born grown up into manly youth — whom he no longer takes upon his knee as in childhood, but often, in the warm gushings of the paternal heart, longs to embrace and caress even as in times gone by.

‘George was to conduct the examination, and stood by the table, scalpel in hand. He was on the point of making an incision, when a sudden thought arrested him. What it was I cannot say, but as if acting by impulse, he raised the snowy tissue from the face of the dead. Never shall I forget that moment. Instantly the gleaming steel fell from his hand, and quivering, stuck its point in the floor. Quicker than thought he grew as pale as the pale sleeper before him, and exclaiming: ‘My Mary! O my God!’ sank senseless in the arms of his companions. We feared that consciousness would never return, and for hours my friends stood around him with intense anxiety. In the mean time I made preparations to restore the stolen one to the grave. I was at first inclined to believe that a resemblance, between the corpse and George’s betrothed had caused him this dreadful shock, but fastened around its neck was a locket containing two miniatures: they were those of George and Mary. The miniatures I retained, but the gold-locket was left where George had doubtless placed it in happier days. With gloomy thoughts and heavy hearts, unmindful of the night and the storm, we gave back the dead to its grave, and over the newly-raised mound I vowed never again to despoil the tomb of a victim. The elements favored us. The falling snow covered our foot-prints — as if in pity, silently spread its virgin mantle over the traces of our act. Nor was the secret of that dreadful night ever alluded to until I related it to thee, sweet Carrie.

‘Poor George! consciousness slowly returned; but reason had fled from the chambers of his mind. He became a maniac. In his hours of passion he would talk confusedly about the ‘dreadful night,’ ‘the grave,’

'the corpse,' and in calmer moments tearfully mutter to himself the sweetest of earthly names. A few months afterward I visited him in an insane asylum. But George, the dearest of my friends, knew me not. I gave him his own miniature, and O pitiable thought! he knew not himself. But when I showed him Mary's miniature, memory recalled the beautiful image, and reason for a moment seemed to return. He pressed the treasure to his lips, and with streaming eyes threw his arms around my neck. And thus, Carie, he died.'

'AND did you love Carie of Cambridge?' inquired Eugene.

'Did I love Carie?—but ask me not to-day, Eugene, for the conclusion. It lies too near my heart. Let us descend the mountain-side, for the mists of evening are gathering around us. See how the panting steeds of the sun have traversed the fiery chambers of the west toward our far-off Atlantes. Behold yonder Alps, in the purple distance, with their glacier-crowns, tipped with opal, and amethyst, and gold. How the tranquil rivers of pure and serene light flow away to the gates of sunset! The city at our feet throbbing with myriad life, and yonder fields of Agram, and Essling, and Soran: see how night doth draw over them her azure mantle, pierced here and there with starry openings to let in the radiant glory beyond. O beautiful! It is as if an angel of light were hastening from the embrace of the dewy earth, and she, closing her myriad eyes of flowers, should smile, and blush, and weep at his royal departure.'

TO O L A T E .

I.

I SAW thee when my soul was young,
And still bedewed with memories bright,
Like morning roses red and white;
But something held my trembling tongue,
That longed to tell the new delight.

I loved thee then — but I was still,
Against my wish, against my will.

II.

I see thee now in life's full day,
And thoughts and feelings gleam again
As fresh 'as roses after rain:'

Alas! my time has passed away,
The fairest words would now be vain.
I love thee yet — but must be still,
Against my wish, against my will.

G. H.

L I N E S

SUGGESTED BY HEARING A SERMON FROM THE WORDS, 'IN YOUR FATHER'S HOUSE.'

FROM life's dusty thoroughfare,
 Gathered to the house of prayer,
 Hot and wearied with the race,
 Pausing for a little space,
 Reverent let us bow the head,
 While on holy ground we tread.
 Some are here in sable shroud,
 'Neath a weight of sorrow bowed ;
 Some with hearts all light and gay,
 Like a butterfly at play.
 Many an age and many a state
 On the Pastor's teachings wait.
 With what guidings shall he lead,
 Suited to their every need ?

Hark ! 't is a familiar story,
 Known to child and father hoary,
 Yet its freshness faileth never.
 Deep it stirs the fount of feeling,
 To our tender sense appealing,
 While we see the wanderer kneeling,
 Pardoned freely and for ever.

Mark the preacher's heaving swell,
 As he ends the touching tale.
 See his tender, kindling eye,
 Bright with fervor from the sky.
 Hear him say, in tones of love,
 'Rise and seek your home above.
 Weary children, ye may come,
 A FATHER'S house shall be your home.
 Long your wanderings, far and wild,
 Yet HE calls you each His child.
 Welcomes you through CHRIST His SON,
 To the kingdoms for you won.
 Will you spurn His love away ?
 From your priceless heirdom stay ?
 Feed on husks, and joyless roam,
 When you have a *Father's home* ?
 Ah ! what words could stronger prove
 Richer pardon, sweeter love ?
 Not invited for a day,
 Once adopted you may stay.
 Willing is HE ? ay, far more,
 See, HE opens *wide* the door.
 What are earthly pleasures fleet,
 Priced with love so rich and sweet ?
 What are trials here below,
 If *homeward* we may ever go ?'

Enough ! we will no longer aliens be.
 But come like children, FATHER, now to *THEE*.
 THY words shall cheer us on our thorny way,
 Shall lead us back when carelessly we stray.
 And may we tread with firmer step the road,
 That leads us upward to our home with GOD.

HOPE EVERETT.

S T A N Z A S .

BY GARRIE.

I.

Dost think I love thee, speak thy name
In lower tones than other?
That in my breast there burns a flame
For thee more than another?

II.

Dost think that I for thee dost wait
With all love's deep devotion?
Thou little know'st my undying hate,
My spirit's dark emotion.

III.

I shudder when thy voice is heard,
And when I see thee near
My heart, like some imprisoned bird,
Would burst its bounds with fear.

IV.

With fear? ah! no; within this breast
No fear of thee e'er dwelt:
But deadly, dark, deep, direful hate,
This only have I felt.

V.

And yet I loved thee once, 't is true,
With fervent heart and soul,
And thy loved image cast a hue
Of sun-light o'er the whole.

VI.

But now I hate and scorn thee too,
And if on bended knee
Low at my feet thou 'd kneel and sue,
Contempt thine answer 'd be.

VII.

For dark revenge now fills the place
Where once I cherished love,
And ne'er again thy voice or face
Can my tried spirit move.

VIII.

For I have learned thy fickleness,
Thy false deceitful heart:
All love for thee is banished now,
I see thee as thou art.

E A S T E R N D E R W I C H E S .

BY JOHN P. BROWN.

THE Prophet of Arabia established but one faith, and one religion, that of Islam, or 'a perfect submission to the will of Allah.' He admitted of no sectarian branches to it; its creed was to be forever: 'There is no God but Allah, and Mohammed is the prophet of Allah.'

On the decease of this wonderful man, converts to Islamism learned that while the Prophet of Allah had given them so many guides for their new form of worship, he had left no 'Caliph,' or successor to himself, to direct them in its performance. Dying without any male issue, or any near relation of his own race, or even without a testament sacred in the eyes of those who admitted the divine origin of the 'Koran' or Book, the ancient democratic principles of the Arabs led them to the election of a Caliph in the person of Abou-Bekr.

The mission of the Prophet, or more correctly of the *Envoy* 'Bessool' of Allah, though himself of divine appointment, terminated with his own existence. Popular will succeeded to divine authority, and so long as the virtues of the people prevailed over their passions, Islamism was not only prosperous, but beneficial to humanity. The unity of its principles bound its observers together, and it gave them strength by adding new converts to their numbers. Never was Islamism stronger than under the mild sway of the four Caliphs, who were elected by the people of Mecca to administer the religious government of their prophet. The first shock it received was when this elective form of succession to the caliphate was departed from, so as to place Ali, the son-in-law of the Prophet, by right of parentage and inheritance, at the head of the administration of the Moslems, or those who professed the faith of *Islam*. Here thus commenced a division among those faithful to the doctrine of the Koran. The principle of election was departed from. Its advocates called themselves orthodox, or 'Sunnees,' and those who raised Ali to the caliphate, not by the will of the people, but because of his relationship to the Prophet, whose only daughter Fatimah, he married, are deemed heterodox or Schiees. The Moslem world is now divided by these two earliest and chief divisions. The Persians believe not only in the legitimacy of Ali, but attribute to him even a divine origin.

The elective principle had now given way to that of hereditary succession, legitimacy and the sword. The *Amairides*, the *Fatimites*, the *Abbassides* and others, in turn disputed the possession, not only of the administration of the affairs of the Moslems, but of the succession to a sovereignty over them as a 'divine right,' until, after a series of disasters, of warlike and bloody strifes, in which humanity has always been the sufferer and the victim, Selim I., the ninth Ottoman Sultan, finding the last legitimate successor or 'Caliph,' descended from the son-in-law

of the virtuous Prophet of Arabia, a degraded, disregarded, and almost unheard-of resident of Egypt, where his predecessors had once reigned with power and splendor, he provided him with a pension during life, and assumed his title on his decease. From that period down to the present, each Ottoman Sultan has assumed the character of Caliph, and on each Friday of the week he proceeds with a pomp and ostentation unknown to the humble Prophet of Allah and his virtuous elective successors, to one of the stately mosques of Stamboul, to lead the 'Prayer of Iumâa,' or of the 'Congregation.'

The contrast shown by the character and conduct of the humble-minded, the wise and the wonderful Mohammed, and the pomp and display of the modern Caliph, find a parallel equally if not still more striking, in the lovely character of the meek and lowly Jesus, and the proud, the arrogant, and the pompous Popes of Rome, who have assumed to be the Caliphs or successors of the gentle disciples of the great FOUNDER of Christianity.

Just as there are Carmelites, Benedictines, Franciscans, Jesuits, and innumerable other monks of Christianity, each possessive of some peculiar form of worship, so are there in Islamism the various sects of Derwiches, such as the *Mewleves*, the *Ruffaces*, the *Nakshibendees*, the *Bektaschees*, and each having a different founder, and a different form or mode of worship and government. All assume to receive a power from Allah not enjoyed by mankind in general, and each, doubtless, regards his peculiar creed as superior to the others. These Moslem monks are called, in all eastern tongues, Derwiches, a Persian word signifying Door-ushers, or those humble worshippers of Allah, who procure a subsistence by begging alms at the doors of the benevolent, while their lives are devoted to the exercise of the pious and holy worship of Allah. Their motto is that of the Prophet himself: 'My poverty is my pride.' (El. fakri, fahri.) Each believes that he renders himself acceptable to Allah by acts of self-denial, poverty, and self-torture, and by mortification of the flesh. And here it may be added that ambition, that universal and ruling passion of man, grows with his growth, gives a color to all the pains and pleasures of his life, strengthens as age advances, and ceases to exist only with life; that sentiment which as a virtue upholds the patriot, and instigates him to new exertions, and which, when disappointments, blighted hopes, wounded affections, and cherished ties are severed forever, leads the nobler heart of man to fresh endeavors, inspires even the Moslem Derwich with the conviction that his personal exertions as a worshipper render him superior to his fellow-mortals. May it not be admitted, with some correctness, that in the strength of faith it does often give to its possessor a superhuman faculty of resistance to pain, and a self-devotion not possessed by mankind in general?

Mohammed is wrongly called an impostor in the ordinary sense of the word. He was a man of very superior natural intelligence, and possessed the mind of a great genius. He was a sincere patriot, and a devoted religious and civil reformer. As such, strict impartiality void of religious prejudice must place him high in the ranks of the law-givers and ameliorators of degraded and debased nations. He certainly

appears to any one who will study his early and later personal history with attention, as a most wonderful *man*!

Convinced of the heinous idolatry into which his countrymen were plunged by the worship of the sun, the stars, the planets, and their idols; a spectator of the continual war in which the various tribes of Arabia were engaged, their want of unity, and fatal want of laws, he strove to rectify these evils. His exertions were favored with success, and he believed that he was promoting the will of Allah, whose humble agent he always professed to be, for so good and commendable a purpose. Each chapter of laws, which he dictated to the more lettered of the Arabians, in the humble chapel of Mecca, was directed against some vice or fault of the people whom he aimed at reforming; and any incongruities which may appear to the mind of the reader of the present period, should not be condemned without a previous examination of the state of things then existing among the people of Arabia and Syria.

None who has ever witnessed the religious exercises of the Rufface Derwiches (commonly known as the *Howling Derwiches*) of Scutari, will leave their *Tekkeh* or convent without experiencing a feeling of horror at the exhibition he beholds of human weakness, and of the prevalence of the passion over the virtue. Often as I have gone to see the performance of this sect of Moslem monks, which takes place every Thursday, at the five periods of prayer ordained in the Koran, I never leave it without experiencing this feeling, joined to one of pity for my fellow-creatures, who thus, in so peculiar a manner, seek to render themselves acceptable to their CREATOR. The following is some account of their founder, much resembling the history of those of other Derwiches.

'The Said Ahmed bin Ebi Hassan el Rufface,' so says a Turkish book in my possession, 'was, during his life, regarded as an illustrious person, and one whose acts were eminently remarkable. The Most HIGH allowed him to perform many extraordinary and miraculous things. So great indeed were his power and excellence, that he could reverse the vision, and cause to be visible to men what they otherwise were incapable of beholding, a faculty which, however, the learned deny to mankind in general, and many deem impracticable. Many strange and wonderful things did this holy man perform, which are credited by his followers and disciples, but which are rejected by men in general. Some of the former entered fire, others played with snakes and other animals which are by nature injurious to mankind.

'The Sheikh Ahmed was considered one of the most holy and excellent of men, and to have been descended from the pure race of Mussa el Kiazem, one of the twelve Imaums, (on whom rest the divine satisfaction!) The sectarian mantle with which he was invested descended from the Sheikh *Shiblee*, through five successions, namely: The Sheikh Ali el Karee, the Sheikh Abul Tadr ibin Kiamish, the Sheikh Abu Ali Guldani bin Turkian, the Sheikh Ali Rudubaree, the Sheikh Ali Adjemee, the Sheikh Shiblee. May the Most HIGH purify their souls.'

Abul Hassan, who was the grand-son of the Sheikh, narrates the following examples of his powers: 'I was one day seated at the door of the private apartment of the Sheikh, when I heard a noise proceeding

from before him. On looking into the room, I saw an individual, whom, during my whole life, I had never seen before. This person, after spending an hour in conversation with the Sheikh, departed through a window which was in the wall of the room, and disappeared from my sight as quick as lightning. Arising from my seat, I approached the Sheikh, and asked who he was, when he replied by asking whether I had observed him. I replied, 'I had,' and he continued: 'That is a person to whom the Most High has given charge of the Ocean. He is one of the Forty Men, and for three days has been separated from the place especially appropriated to him.'

'I do not know, O Said!' exclaimed I, 'the cause of his leaving his place.'

'He dwells,' added the Sheikh, 'in one of the isles of the ocean, where, for three days and three nights, it had rained continually, and the reflection came to his mind: 'Why that rain had not fallen in habitable parts of the universe?' He then begged pardon of Allah for the irreverent thought. For this misdeed he has been separated from the place appointed to him.'

'I then inquired of the Sheikh whether he had made him acquainted with the cause of his removal therefrom, and he replied:

'No, I was ashamed to do it.'

'Then,' added I, 'if you allow me, I will make it known to him.'

'Will you really do so?' he asked; and having said that I would, he bade me conceal myself beneath his cloak. Scarcely had I done so, when a voice spoke, saying, 'O Ali! raise up your head,' which, being done, I found myself suddenly transported to one of the isles of the ocean, and was greatly amazed at the change. Arising, I went a little forward, and beheld the same man that had been with the Sheikh. Saluting him, I related what had been told me respecting himself.

'He bade me swear to obey whatever he should command me to do, which I did, when he directed me to put his cloak or mantle about his neck, and dragging him over the ground, to call out: 'This is the punishment allotted to that person who questions the providences of the Most High.' I put the mantle around his neck, and began to drag him over the ground, when a voice came to me saying: 'O Ali! leave him, for the angels of Heaven weep for him, and are so grieved at his fault that Allah has again become satisfied with him.' On hearing the voice, I became bewildered, and on regaining my senses, I found myself again before my own door; and I swear that I neither know how I went there, nor how I returned.'

Whenever any person asked of the Said Ahmed a charm, and brought with him a paper on which to write it, he would take the paper in his hands, and if there was no ink present, he would at once return it to the asker, written out in due form.

He once wrote such a charm without ink for a certain man. This person soon afterward disappeared for some time, and on his return he again brought the same paper with him, and handing it to the Sheikh asked him to write him a charm. This he did as a trial of the power

of the Sheikh, who, on taking the paper in his hands, exclaimed : ' Why, man ! this has already a charm written upon it.'

At another time two of his disciples went out into the desert, where, sitting down, they began to converse. One of them inquired of the other what profit he had received for the long services which he had rendered the Sheikh ?

The other answered : ' Wish whatever you please and I will give it to you, out of what I have profited from him !'

' If so,' continued the inquirer, ' I would wish you to give me now a *sened*, or note of obligation, freeing me forever from *Jenenna*, (Hell.)'

' Allah's mercies are innumerable,' replied the other : ' if he pleases, you will obtain your desire !'

He had scarcely said this, when lo ! a white paper descended from Heaven, which they both seized and carried to the Sheikh, without saying any thing of what had passed between them. As soon as the Sheikh saw the paper, he prostrated himself upon the ground, and on raising his head, exclaimed : ' *El hamd a lillahi !* God be praised ! who has shown me, before the last day, the freedom of one of my disciples from hell.' The two persons now remarked, ' O Said ! this paper is white,' when he replied : ' The hand of Allah does not write black ; this paper is written with light.'

It is also related of Said Ahmed, that when he was passionately engaged in prayer he would speak in the language of poetry. The following is one of his mystical verses : ' In the darkness of night my heart often speaks of thee ; like the dove in its cage, so speaks my love of thee ; that darkness weighs heavily upon me and seems to rain grief and sorrow over me.

' Yet the raging seas beneath me urge me onward to the pleasures of sinful life. When the captives of pain and sorrow have become freed, why should I be left a prey to such affliction ? They neither put an end to my painful life, or free me from such calamity. Nor during day nor night do they deliver me from the grief which consumes me.'

Others say that the Said Ahmed heard these lines from a flute, and left the world with the words still in his ears, in the five hundred and seventy-eighth year of the Hegira, Wednesday, the twenty-second day of Jernadi el Evvel. ' May Allah have mercy upon him !'

Derwiches, strictly speaking, do not form *sects*. In Turkish (or more correctly, in Arabic) their association is denominated *Tarikât*, paths or ways, while the four great Imaums of Islamism were the originators of so many *mezhebs* or sects.

It was during the caliphate of Ali that the religion of the Prophet began to find interpreters or at least commentators. The name of the Deity, in Arabic *Allah*, is composed of two distinct words, *Lah* and the article *Al* ; the latter signifies simply an expression of wonder, just as it does in English. The correctness of this meaning, however, may be doubted, and yet it is more than probable that if the origin of the word be not lost in the obscurity of the past, it had a commencement similar to it.

Should it be deduced from the Hebrew word Elohim, or Eloah, the

original meaning would be, to venerate or adore, and this seems the most probable definition. The Hebrews, and even the Greeks, attributed awful powers to the correct pronunciation of the word *Jehovah*, and Oriental tradition relates that Solomon possessed all his wisdom, wealth, and power by means of the correct pronunciation of that word.

The Derwiches of all Mussulmen sects, both Shea and Sunnee, suppose themselves gifted with superhuman power by means of invocations of the divine name. The research would not be of much interest after the earliest known name of the Deity, nor for the correct pronunciation of the word *Jehovah* of the Hebrews. Connected with this is the next great tenet of all the Eastern Derwiches, that is, *Ashk*, or fervent 'love for Allah.' In invoking his name, it is essential to do so with feelings of fervent *love* for him; and this *love* should be extended to each other and to all true believers in his power.

I am disposed to believe that very great reverence was paid to the word *Allah* by the Arabians previous to the time of their prophet, Mohammed, and with it commences the whole theory of Mussulman Derwichism, and of the superhuman powers which the Derwiches profess to exercise.

In the third chapter of the Koran the Prophet informs his disciples that 'they may invoke the name of Allah standing upright, seated, or upon their knees.'

This latitude of position permits the Derwiches to choose which of the three they may profess, and some write them all in their mode of worship.

I believe that the system, originally, was not Arabian, but had its rise farther east in China or Thibet. No one can read the accounts of the priests of Confucius, Buddha, and the Grand Llama of Thibet without being struck by their strong resemblance to the Derwiches of Islamism. In a work recently published at Constantinople, called *Nefahat ul Uns*, or 'The Breath of Man,' purporting to contain a biography of each of the founders of the *Tariks*, or paths of Derwiches, and of some of the more eminent members of each, both male and female, I remark that the earliest were natives of Balk, on the Persio-Chinese frontier of Samarcand and Bokhara, and from Persian cities. As aforestated, the word Derwich is Persian, and not Arabic, and it has been introduced from Persia into Arabia and Turkey. The original source may have been in Hindoostan, and Brahmanism have been the parent of Islam ascetism.

The Derwiches differ in point of faith; some regard the others with pious contempt, and will not associate with them, while others commingle in their religious exercises. All believe in one Allah, one Prophet, and one Koran, and yet differ on certain tenets. 'We all behold the same bright sun from different windows,' is their answer to the curious inquirer as to the differences of their creeds, thus showing a desire to admit of none. The Sheyaà Derwiches are of course all followers of heterodoxy, such as the Bektashee, who carry their devotion for Ali so far as to regard him as of divine origin. They call him *Ali ilahee*, or 'Ali the Divine,' and pay but little respect to the Koran.

I have not been able to learn that any Derwiches have secret signs

of recognition, except the *Bektashees*. These are deemed quite infidel in their tenets, and perform their devotions in secret. It was a *Bektashee* Sheikh, who blessed the Janissary corps when formed by Sultan Murad I., and held his mantle over them when he invoked a divine blessing upon their career.

The Derwiches all believe that there are two souls in man, one called the 'animal soul,' (*Rouh i Hyvâu*), and the other the movable or wandering soul, (*Rouh i Revâu*.) The former seems to be possessed in common with all living creatures, and is connected with the 'spirit of life' only, while the latter is entirely of a spiritual nature, and may be called the 'eternal soul.' The latter has a form and shape, and is quite visible to the eye of the mind, though it is not tangible, which they explain by representing it as resembling those objects beheld by the mental vision in dreams, and which are *seen* possessing clearly-defined forms, yet are not susceptible of being *touched*. Under certain circumstances of devout inspiration, excited by the fervent exercise of the *Zikr* or mention of the name of Allah, the eternal soul is freed from its connection with the body, and leaving it, may move from one individual to another, entering their body and animating them with its own devout fervor. This the *Nakshibendi* firmly believe, and while the movable soul or spirit is absent from its own body, this latter remains, as it were, in a condition resembling a trance. When entered into the body of another person it there continues to perform the *Zikr*, and the sound *Allah, Allah* may then be distinctly heard in *his* breast. There is much of animal magnetism in their practice; they attribute great virtue to the ceremony of manipulation, and of prayers said over the patient, and the influence which one person may exercise over another by means of a mild though fixed gaze, and a metrical, harmonious tone of voice, is not regarded by them as human, but emanating rather from the power of God, granted to the Derwich for his sanctity and devotion.

They have the fullest faith in the efficacy of *Talsims*, (vulgarly talismans,) which are always formed of a verse from the Koran, or a prophetic 'Tradition,' (*Hadis*), to shield the wearer from disease or harm. The 'evil eye,' called *nazar*, also enters into their creed. This is evidently deduced from the tenth Mosaic commandment, which forbids covetousness, and they believe that the eye that covets often bears a baneful influence upon the object coveted. To prevent this, the eye of admiration must be preceded by the tongue of praise; and the expression *mâshallah*! (what God has willed!) preserves the object from the evil effects of the eye.

The Derwiches whom travellers meet in Constantinople, Smyrna, Syria, Egypt, or indeed in all parts of the East, half-naked, or partly covered with a lion, tiger, or leopard-skin thrown over their shoulders, and carrying a cup formed of a cocoa or some similar nut-shell, suspended from the neck, belong to the sects of the *Nakshibendi*, the *Saadi*, or the *Kadri*. The former is the name of a small town in Bokhara, the birth-place of the founder of the *Tarikat* or sect, who was named the *Emir Kilal*. The *Kadris* follow the path of *Abd-ul-Kadry* of Bagdad, or, to give his full name, the 'Sheik Muhy-el-Din-

Abd-ul-Kadry-el Jebellee.' These are the real ascetics of the Moham-medan creed, and are those whose motto is taken from that of the humble Prophet of Mecca, who so often said, 'Poverty is my pride.' They wander over all Islam lands for the purpose of offering up devo-tions at the shrines of holy and sainted men. According to the Islam faith, after the death of the body the soul remains in the tomb awaiting that great day of resurrection when they shall be cited before their CREATOR and be placed, if found worthy, in the perfect enjoyment of those celestial pleasures in store for them, and which they have beheld during their period of repose in the grave. If their lives have been so holy as to render it possible that they may be among the blessed, the pious Derwich implores the divine satisfaction for their sakes in his own favor. If they have not been so correct in their human career as to merit the mercy of their CREATOR, the good prayers of the devout Der-wich may benefit their souls, and induce the Almighty to forgive many of the sins which would otherwise weigh against them in the scales of the day of resurrection. No good Mussulman would wish to incur the evil prayers of a pious and holy Derwich, but on the contrary, would naturally seek to benefit by his good ones.

As afore related, these Derwiches who have descended from the sup-posed peculiar tenets of the Caliph Abou-bekr, mentally pronounce the name of Allah, that is to say, they meditate upon it. One of the tra-ditions or holy sayings of the Prophet is, that 'One hour of meditation is better than seventy years of prayer.' This is closely followed by the pious Derwich; and some of them, especially the *Nakshibendi*, pass as much of the time spent by them in the work, in the convent, in silent meditation, as the pious Quakers of Christianity patiently wait for inspi-ration in their places of worship.

There are said to be seven places in the human frame where prayer may be and is habitually offered, which form an important part of creed in all Derwich paths, namely:

First, at the right of the heart, called *Sir*.

Second, at the heart, *Kalt*.

Third, at the right of the liver, *Roah*.

Fourth, at the right of the breast, *Fued*.

Fifth, on the breast, *Hiffee*.

Sixth, on the forehead, *Ihfa*.

Seventh, between the shoulder-blades, which is considered the place of the seal of prophetship, and called by the name of *Sir ul Esrar*.

Those Derwiches who claim descent from the Caliph Ali, pronounce the name of Allah during their devotions with a loud voice, like the *Ruffaees* or Howling Derwiches; while the followers of Abou-bekr only meditate upon his name in silence.

The Mussulman origin of this peculiarity is a singular one, and needs to be related in connection with the Derwiches, who have thus made it the corner-stone of their belief.

When the Prophet had taken refuge from his enemies in the cave of Gar with Abou-bekr, and they were led to believe that no one could possibly have entered there, by the fact that a spider had woven its web across the mouth of the cave, overcome with fear, Abou-bekr asked

of the Prophet what he should do to be preserved from their ruthless enemies. He was told to meditate on the name of Allah upon his heart, which he did, and subsequently attributed his safety to the protection which it rendered him.

On another occasion, when the Prophet and his son-in-law Ali, who finally succeeded to the caliphate, were pursued by his enemies and were concealed in a house at Mecca, the former escaped by putting on the clothes of Ali. The self-sacrificing follower of the Prophet, before remaining alone, a prey to the incensed enemies of the new faith, begged to be informed what he should do toward his own preservation. The Prophet bade him pronounce unceasingly the name of Allah, which he accordingly did, and when some of his pursuers reached the house and looked in, they beheld, as they imagined, the Prophet engaged as usual with him when alone, in pronouncing the name of that *Allah* whose prophet he proclaimed himself to be. Hurrying away to apprise their companions of the discovery, that they might all witness his death, their absence gave time to the Prophet to return with a force sufficiently numerous to protect the confiding Ali; and ever afterward this latter firmly attributed his preservation to the peculiar efficacy of the name of Allah.

On these two incidents are founded the great points of difference between the two paths of Derwiches, from which radiate now some forty-five or more new paths.

It is believed that each Derwich pronounces the name of Allah about two hundred thousand times in every twenty-four hours, from the seven points of the human frame, aforementioned, which circumstance greatly recommends their piety to the admiration of devout Mussulmen.

Respecting the initiation of Derwiches, the following is believed to be the most peculiar. It is common to the Nakshibendi. The Sheikh leads the neophyte into a private apartment, and then both seat themselves on a sofa or cushion resting on the floor. The Sheikh assumes the posture which is said to have been that of the Prophet, that is, his left thigh or leg rests upon the sofa, with the foot brought under the right thigh; the right leg is bent upward, so that the knee approaches the breast; the right hand rests upon the side, just below the ribs, while the left aids to support the body, if necessary. In this position the head forms the letter M, the bended right arm the H, the place grasped by the hand the other M, and the bended knee the D, of the name of the Prophet, as written in Arabic. After assuming this posture and pointing it out to the novice, the Sheikh clasps the right hand of the former in his own right hand, and leaning toward him, so that his own mouth approaches the ear of the other, he impresses upon him the necessity of leading a holy and pious life, of placing full faith in the power of the name of Allah, of implicit obedience to the injunctions of the Prophet and the word of God, (the Koran,) and of submission and conformance to all the commands of the Sheikh of his Turik. Then he is to abandon each of the twelve great sins of man, such as theft, lying, intemperance, etc., and to give himself up wholly to the service of Allah and his Prophet. The Nakshibendi wear a cap of felt, which is composed (for each Derwich) of as many gores as he

may have abandoned the vices aforementioned. When perfect, this cap is composed of twelve gores, and forms a harmonious circle.

The Mewlevec Derwiches, more commonly known as the *dancing* or *turning*, are of the Turik of Shemsed Din Mohammed et Tabrizee, (of Tebriz in Persia.) They wear a high, yellowish felt cap, which to the spectator seems heavy and hot. This peculiar part of their costume is supposed to have been seen in a dream by their founder. Before creating the world, Allah had made an earthen vase of the shape of this *Kulah* or cap, in which he framed the spirit of Mohammed, who, at a later period, was sent to invite mankind to believe in the unity of Allah, to submit wholly to his will, (Islam,) and to believe that he was the best and last of his prophets. In remembrance of this vase and its precious office, Shemsed Din adopted it as the form of the head-covering of his disciples.

It may also be added that the *Kulah*, or cap of the Ruffaees (Howlers) is called a *Tadge* or crown; so is that of the Saadi; and the Bektashi's cap is formed of numerous pieces. The Prophet himself was partial to the yellow color, (that of the sun,) and adopted it for his flags and clothing. After his death there arose a difficulty about distinguishing his descendants (through his daughter Fatimah and her husband Ali) from other Arabs, and in consequence one of them by mistake suffered an ignominious punishment for a crime committed by him. To prevent the recurrence of this mishap, it was agreed upon that hereafter the family of the Prophet should wear green-colored turbans; and subsequently the Ommaides chose white, as the color of day, and the Abbasides, black, as the color of night, while Othman, the founder of the Ottomans, selected red, the color of blood. The descendants of the Prophet are called *Sherifs* and *Emirs*, and it is quite an error to suppose that the green turban can be worn by Mussulmans who have made the pilgrimage to the *Kaabe*h of Mecca.

It is believed the above causes govern the colors of the Derwiches, which they even extend to the beads of their rosaries, which are always ninety-nine in number, divided into three sets, each representing a name of Allah, such as Hafiz, (protector,) Rahman, (merciful,) etc. According to their article of faith respecting the *Zikr* (or mention of the name of Allah) to roll over or finger these beads, with the mind intently engaged upon the act, is equal to an articulation of the names represented by them.

When the thing to be preserved from the effects of the *Nazar* or 'evil eye,' (the real interpretation of the word is simply the *Look*, or *Sight*,) has no talisman possessing the desired power, some strange object is hung upon it to remind the beholder of the effect which his eye may have, and to warn him, as it were, to be cautious. It is for this purpose that the traveller so often sees the skull of a horse, an old shoe, or more frequently a bunch of garlic suspended to the eaves of houses in Constantinople. Blue beads of a particular kind, a triangular piece of leather, or what is most strange, a pair of boar's tusks, so joined as to form a crescent, hung around the necks of horses, are the usual charms employed by Mussulmen to preserve their favorite steeds from the *Názár*. Even the Sultan's state barge, which he only uses on

great religious and official occasions, is defended by a string of gilded garlic from the dreaded influence of the *Nazar*.

When recently I visited the 'Howling Derwiches' of Scutari, we were not permitted to enter the *Tekkeh* or convent, until about three o'clock P.M., when the *Namaz* of *Ekindi*, or the third prayer of the day was ended. There were but few persons present on our entrance, and the devotional services apparently had not been much attended by the public. The *Tekkeh* is a small frame building in the rear of a little garden-cemetery, more used for the raising of sepulchral stones over the remains of deceased Sheikhs of the *Tarik* or Derwich path, than flowers, though indeed a few roses were growing on the aged branches around the quiet graves. We entered a somewhat official portal or gateway, guarded by an aged negro, apparently belonging to the Order, over which is a short inscription in Arabic, of a religious nature.

There was a long bench or seat running along the side of the little passage, through which we proceeded to the door of the *Tekkeh*, where a few individuals were waiting the moment of entrance. An elevated frame *Konak*, or private residence, arose close beside this passage, which I was informed belonged to the Sheikh. Though not very spacious nor yet grand, it still seemed abundantly large for all the worldly comforts needed by the devout and pious Sheikh of the Convent of the 'Howling Derwiches.' Over its entrance and near the ceiling hung, suspended in a frame, the pious ejaculation, 'Ya! Hafiz!' O Protector! — one of the many which the traveller sees suspended over almost all the Mussulman dwellings of Stamboul, for the purpose of invoking the protection of the *DEITY*, or of keeping off the 'evil eye.'

Before getting regularly into the hall of the *Tekkeh*, we were admitted into an ante-chamber, half coffee-house, half kitchen, where some of the fraternity called upon all of us, ladies and gentlemen, to doff *not* our hats but our *boots*, and thus entered in the same respectful manner required of Moses on Mount Horeb. Though this requisition was not certainly very agreeable, it was nevertheless not the less expected; so that making a merit of necessity, we obeyed the summons, and with respectful *understandings* at least, hastened to pass by the thick cloth veil which hid the interior of the *Tekkeh* from mortal (infidel) eyes.

To the right of the door a small recess has been set apart for such unfaithful visitors as those who resembled ourselves. No one asked us to uncover our heads: the etiquette is to require all *Ghiours* to stand erect during the devotions, or in case they should venture to sit down to be careful that their limbs be not extended in a disrespectful manner over the floor before them, but that they crouch down with as little comfort or ease to their tired persons as possible.

As the collection of Europeans was this day rather larger than usual, one of the attendant Derwich fraternity opened a small door to the left of the entrance, and permitted several of us to ascend a flight of stairs to a balcony or gallery, from which, seated on the floor, we looked down upon the scene which now began to present itself in the hall of the *Tekkeh*.

This room or hall was not more than twenty-five feet square, with a

portico running on three sides of it, about six feet deep, separated from the central part by a low railing, and supporting a gallery above on one side for females, faced with closely-trellised work, which completely hid its inmates from the scrutiny of the men below. Round the circuit of the hall ran a row of common tamborines; the south wall formed the *Kibleh*, and had a small niche in it, such as is seen in all mosques and other places of prayer. Around and above this were innumerable instruments of self-torture, such as axes, maces, spears, and objects with a body something like a marling-spike with a thick ball at the end, ornamented with short chains and circular bits of metal, to make a jingling noise when made use of. On the space around these articles were innumerable Mussulman pictures, that is to say, portions of the Koran, Araditional sayings of the Prophet, the Mohammedan confession of faith, (*La ilâha illâ Allah ne Mohammed Ressoel Allah*,) monograms of the present and past Sultans, and some forming the name of the founder of the *Turik* or sect, *Hasret Ahmed er Rufface*, and some other holy men of Derwich celebrity.

I must not fail to mention that there hung suspended on the wall, near the niche aforesaid, a small *Sedjadeh*, or praying-carpet, richly worked with verses from the Koran, and which had, at some past period, been sent as a votive-offering to the holy *Kaaba* of Mecca, whence it had again returned, greatly increased in sanctity, to inspire the devotees of the *Tekkeh* with pious fervor and respect.

The floor of the hall, made of wood, was covered, near the *Mihrab*, (or Mecca pointing stone,) with sheep and goat-skins, some white, others stained red or blue. On these sat several of the most respectable of the *Mussulman* visitors cross-legged, or with their feet doubled up behind them. Immediately in front of the *Mihrab* sat the Sheikh, a man of some sixty years of age, his head quite gray, his mantle black, and his white skull-cap surmounted by a black turban. His costume, as well as his own features, bore a very venerable stamp; full of quiet dignity and repose, he seemed to feel that his business was a most serious affair, and that its success depended greatly upon his own exertions.

The most profound respect was paid him by his disciples as well as by his visitors. Each on entering approached and kissed his hand or his shoulder, and he returned the salutation with much grace and paternal affection. He moved about the hall with a calm dignity and ease of manner which was very impressive, and it was easy to remark that perfect submission to the will and commands of the chief, whose office is hereditary, is one of the principal tenets of the sect. Beside the Sheikh sate his son, a youth of some twenty summers, very neatly dressed, who showed the same profound respect as any one else for his father.

The officers of the *Tekkeh*, other than the Sheikh, were a master of ceremonies and a clerk; the former, invested with a black scarf, which he had hung over his shoulders, and tied under his left arm, seemed to have it in particular charge to see that each performer was in his place, to take off the clothes and heavier head-dresses of the guests, and to lay them aside with tokens of respect. As an example of this, he never removed a *turbaned Caouk*, or a fez, that he did not first

touch it to his lips ; and he had a great deal to do in the way of kissing the hands and shoulders of the older persons present, as well as of the amateurs who came in. As to the clerk, his duty appeared to be chiefly to sit in the centre of the room and scream out the prayers or holy chants (Naati Sherif) which were the order of the day.

As aforementioned, the namaz or regular prayers were ended before we were allowed to enter the Tekkeh, and when we had penetrated into the hall, the Derwiches were chanting a nati cherif, or holy hymn of praise to the Prophet and his family. Then followed some extracts from the Koran, prayers for the reigning Sultan, and for the founder of their Turik or order, whom they called *Mewland*, or Our Lord. After this, they commenced chanting the one hundred and twelfth chapter of the Koran, frequently repeating it on the Unity of Allah, said by the Prophet to value a third part of the whole of the Koran. As it is short, it may be here repeated, and is the chief tenet of Islamism.

‘In the name of Allah, the merciful and clement : Say ; there is no God but Allah ; the eternal God, who begetteth not, neither was He begotten, nor is there any thing like unto Him.’

By far the greater part of the performers were low people from the streets. I did not see any one bordering on an Effendi or a Bey, among the operators, though there were several gentlemanly-looking spectators seated behind the Sheikh. In a few minutes the centre of the hall was quite filled up, beside a full half-circle near to the corridor, two parallel lines of Derwiches occupied the centre of the room, made up of special chanters, who, no doubt, were the choristers. At the end of the half-circle, opposite our seat, were several boys, of some ten or twelve years of age, who joined in the ceremonies with very ridiculous gusto, and though I do not remember hearing them howl or grunt, they may yet have done something in the latter way without being heard by us in the gallery.

As the devotions became exciting, the old Sheikh laid off his black cloak, white skull-cap, and black turban, and advancing in a quiet, dignified manner, toward the performers, clapped his hands in concert with the tune of their chanting. Now, other individuals entered, and passed into the circle of performers. One large negro came in, and with some difficulty procured a place, where he stood rocking to-and-fro, and joining in the chant.

The noise made by the performers became more and more indistinct, and the word Allah ! Allah ! insensibly degenerated into a monosyllabic sound of ah ! ah ! resembling much more a grunt than a howl. When the heat of the performance reached a degree beyond which it seemed quite impossible for them to proceed, the old Sheikh gave a signal to stop, and in a moment all rocking and grumbling ceased. The performers stood for a moment still, and several who apparently only waited for this favorable breathing-spell, took occasion to slip out, keeping the hand on the right shoulder of the Sheikh, previous to leaving the room.

One or two of the performers were much more affected by the exercises than the others. Their grunting became more a series of sobs

than any thing else. Their faces streamed with perspiration, and their countenances showed the very great mental agitation which they experienced. A Derwich sat in the gallery below where we were, and his appearance attracted our attention. He seemed highly agitated, and now and then groaned audibly. We expected soon to see him fall down in a trance, or evince some other spiritual manifestation. When the Sheikh signified his desire for the exercises to re-commence, he called upon this Derwich to cross over the railing, and after laying aside his cloak and cap, to take a place among the performers.

During the interlude another scene occurred, which is very curious, and strikes the beholder with those feelings which he entertains at the sight of something to him incomprehensible, and yet which he refuses to admit has in it any thing that is superhuman. The venerable Sheikh took his seat on one of the skins in front of the *Mihrab*, and blessed a quantity of clothes laid before him for that purpose by the master of the ceremonies or exercises. These were, it was understood, the apparel of an invalid, who, instead of requesting the prayers of the congregation for himself, obtained those of the Sheikh on the clothes which he intended wearing, trusting to their efficacy for the restoration of his health. In praying over the clothes, he raised his open hands above them, their palms toward his face, and muttered the prayers in a tone which was quite inaudible to us. Soon after, several bottles of water were also brought before him for the same purpose, and beside being blown into by himself, they were carried round to receive the now holy breath of most of the officiators.

Next several young children, from the age of six or eight months to as many years, and indeed some full-grown men, were laid on their faces on the skins beside the Sheikh, who deliberately stepped upon them, first putting his left foot upon the back of the child, near the shoulders, then setting his right foot on its thighs, while he with the left, gently rubbed its back. To do this, the Sheikh had no other assistance than the hand of the master of the ceremonies to steady him, and the legs of the child were held down by another person. This operation, which we expected would cause the little children to cry out, if it did not crush them, certainly occasioned them no pain whatever, and after rising, the larger ones invariably kissed the hand of the Sheikh, and left the room in excellent spirits. Divers suppositions were volunteered as to the *modus operandi*, and to show how the soft limbs of the children escaped being crushed by the weight of the Sheikh, who, though not a heavy man, seemed sufficiently so to severely injure the children: none, however, met the peculiarities of the case. In Egypt the Sheikh of the *Rufface* Derwiches, on a certain occasion not now remembered, rides on horse-back over the prostrate forms of devout Musulmen. The scene is described in 'Lane's Modern Egyptians.'

After this *entre acte* was terminated, the Sheikh again stepped forward, and the chanting of the name of Allah re-commenced. It soon became vehement; the Derwich who had been invited by the Sheikh to leave the lower corridor, and take part in the exercises, soon became very much excited; he, beside crying out, Allah! Allah! in the ordinary tone, would now and then scream out at the top of his voice so

suddenly and so sharply as to startle us. Leaving the half-circle in which he was, he sprang forward toward the Sheikh, and sitting down, struck his forehead upon the floor in a very violent manner, each blow thumping with a loud noise against the hard plank. His long, dishevelled hair hung about his face and neck, giving him a very wild, Santon appearance. Another suddenly left the ranks, and with trembling steps, walked out into the centre of the hall, where the Sheikh hastened to meet him, to throw his arms around him, and to soothe his excitement. After sobbing for a minute or two in the Sheikh's embrace, he gathered his cloak and head-dress together, and walked away quite naturally.

Two others of the officiators next advanced, and bared themselves to the waist. One took down a large Turkish curved sword, and passing his finger gently over its edge, applied it to his abdomen. Two other persons now stepped forward, and one held the sword by the handle, while the other caught it by the point: the Derwich then rested his whole weight upon the edge without even the skin being reddened. The other Derwich received from the master of the exercises one of the many singular instruments hanging upon the wall, and formed like a marling-spike. After several demonstrations of an intention to do something very dreadful, such as jumping up and screaming out Allah ! Allah ! in a sharp and piercing tone, he extended the instrument as far before him as he could, and then brought it violently against his abdomen, where he held it for a minute, apparently without any sensations of pain ; drawing it away from his body with a sudden jerk, he next thrust it with seeming violence against his face, which he wished the spectators to believe it had entered, but after screwing the weapon around in his head for half-a-minute, he again suddenly jerked it out, and placing his finger over the hole which the instrument had *not made*, he looked very self-satisfied with the operation. After these exhibitions had continued for a few minutes, the performer's agitation and excitement became so great that the Sheikh seemed *afraid he might hurt himself* ; so, approaching him, he put his arm over his neck and entreated him not to do it. Others present also stepped up and relieved him of the instrument, and with his cap and cloak re-placed upon him, he consented to leave the scene of his dangers, which he had escaped only through the power of the almighty name of Allah, which he said his companions had invoked so devoutly. The renewal of the exercises was the signal for increased excitement. Gradually the rocking and grunting became more and more intense, until humanity seemed entirely exhausted. The clerk, however, still beat time with great regularity, and putting his right hand open behind his right ear, screamed out at the extreme height of his voice, and the master of ceremonies continued to walk about among the officiators, encouraging them in their labors, and keeping each in his place. Finally, at a given signal, I presume from the Sheikh, the whole ceremony suddenly ceased, and though some further prayers were recited after this, the greater part of the officiators retired from the room.

Constantinople, July 9, 1856.

M Y L A D Y E - L O V E .

A FRAGMENT FROM THE PROVENÇAL OF 'RENE LE BON.'

TRANSCRIBED BY DESMARAIS.

I.

An eye, whose lucid depths of blue
The flashes of her wit glance through,
Like those bright meteors that cleave
The twilight of a summer eve.

II.

A cheek, whereon the haughty rose
Her gauntlet to the lily throws,
Who loth the glorious prize to yield,
Seeks issue on the very field.

III.

But on her lips no flower dare sport,
For there the Sea-king holds his court:
And his proud coral-flag unfurls
O'er his chief treasure-house of pearls.

IV.

A form, where each voluptuous curve
To mould, the willing graces serve,
While the pure goddess of the chase
Adds virtue to each finished grace.

V.

A heart — ah! gentlest heart of hearts!
Each pulse to love responsive starts,
And love, within her heart enshrined,
Is hallowed by her spotless mind.

VI.

'Poet, and dreamer! such a bliss
No mortal ever owned as this!'
O heart! 't is true! O vision fair!
Thou art but mirrored in the air.

VII.

Yet no! for love to human hearts
A necromantic skill imparts,
To guise with all the trust of truth,
The loved in beauty, worth, and youth!

VIII.

And the alembic, thus divine,
Is mine, O loving heart! is mine!
Mine, but mine only! Would its spell
Were thine, my Ladye-love, as well.

Clover-Hill, (Phila. Co.), Sep. 15, 1856.

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THIRTY-EIGHTH ODE OF HORACE.

I.

PREPARE no pomp for feast of mine,
 Nor strip the Linden's bark to twine
 Gay wreaths of gorgeous flowers.
 Stay not to seek the lurking-place
 Where the rose hides her sad sweet face,
 Out-linging Summer's hours.

II.

With myrtle-buds our beakers bind,
 Nor other flower-charm strive to find;
 And as thou pour'st the wine,
 Its modest bloom alike shall grace
 The master's and the servant's place,
 Beneath the o'er-hanging vine.

H. V.

ELEANOR MANTON: OR LIFE-PICTURES.

CHAPTER SEVEN.

BEHIND THE SCENES.

My uncle Simeon selected a wife as he would a horse, and, for this matter, was not an exception to a very general rule. I had heard that she was in her youth very beautiful, though there was not a remnant of this beauty left when I knew her, nor a remnant of any thing agreeable, as I have said. Her husband probably loved her, or thought he did, but she had never thought of such a thing as loving him. To love was not one of her capacities, yet, like a very large class of women, to be loved was one of her severest exactions. To make herself worthy of esteem, respect, and affection had never occurred to her as worthy of effort. She only thought the man whom the law pronounced her husband was bound to love, honor, and cherish her, however repulsive and unworthy she made herself. How I pitied him, for he was naturally a noble man, tied irrevocably to something so gross and repulsive that it scarcely deserved the name of human. Here he would have enjoyed a home, and was doomed to live in the midst of a splendor over which there was a moral blight, deadening to all the fine sensibilities of the soul as the miasma of the slime-pit to the senses. How strangely people will construe honor, and right, and duty!

I did not know my aunt while she was 'training her children,' but if I had judged by her words, no mother ever felt the responsibilities of 'head of a family' to so great a degree. But the details of the peculiar

manner in which she fulfilled her high mission I heard from others, and the manner in which she fulfilled obligations she voluntarily assumed I saw myself. She was one of a very large class of religionists, who are infinitely scrupulous about the 'mint, anise, and cummin of the law,' with not the faintest perception of the spirit of the Gospel.

I had thought to come to the city to see happiness, gayety, life, and beauty; and these I did see without, but within I was obliged to look on something worse than 'dead men's bones.' I might easily and would willingly dwell on the bright pictures which relieved my eyes, on the glories of the visible world, and the almost equally wonderful productions of art; I might tell of pleasant experiences, for these too I had, of true hearts, warm friendships, and sweet influences, whose life is so shadowed that these do not brighten it; but these are by others abundantly portrayed. There is in our social and domestic life, especially that which is ordered by those who claim to be the 'only righteous persons on the earth,' a plague-spot which needs to be probed and exposed, and there should be no eyes which cannot bear to look on truth, however dark it may be.

'It is not right,' say many, 'to give to the world the faults of Christians; the world is so ready to carp, so ready to ascribe to religion itself, the defects of those who are only its unworthy representatives.' This we do not believe, and shall not be understood to say the holy religion of Jesus has any thing to do with, or is at all deteriorated by the grossest crimes or lowest meannesses of those who bear its name.

Vulgar curiosity is not one of our vices, and the private arrangements of any household would have no attractions for our philosophy, but when the curtain is withdrawn and the dark scenes are exposed, we like to philosophize. We should not voluntarily enter upon the dissection of human hearts, but when in all their nakedness they are spread out before us, however repulsive the festers and the gangrene, we gaze with the surgeon's, the artist's, and philosopher's eye.

Who can it be, the strange little elfin creature that we meet sometimes on the stairs, sometimes catch a glimpse of in a distant corner, but never see within the family circle, at the family meals, and who does not seem either to have part or lot with the domestics; who is neither child nor servant, 'hawk nor buzzard,' in the establishment? We do not dare to ask questions, we do not dare to see what is not meant for our eyes; but having begun to wonder, we cannot help the desire of having the mystery solved. If we hear a voice at an unusual time and in an unusual place, we listen; if there is a light footstep where we are not accustomed to hear human tread, we look to see where it is. But we are scarcely ever rewarded with more than a glance at a sylph-like form, clad in the coarse garb of poverty, but neat and trim, and a face on which we could read only the dull contentment of one who could not appreciate a higher life, and knew not an aspiration beyond the gratification of present wants. So the weeks pass on, and we roam from room to room, go out and in, eat and sleep, and bow and smile in the presence of the family and the family's friends; and breathing the same air, beneath the same roof, is one who might as well be on a desert-isle — who is with us, but not of us — living en-

tirely without human companionship and sympathy. Is it necessity or is it choice? What can have been the birth and position of one who is thus doomed to isolation in a Christian family?

At length I have surprised her in the presence of my aunt, and hear her name. She has come to ask direction in some duty, and stands in the august presence of her mistress like a culprit who is listening to a sentence for crime. When she is gone I venture to ask, 'Who is she?'

'A distant relative and dependent,' she answered, 'whom we took when a child, in hopes to have in her a daughter, and on whom we have bestowed a parent's love and care, and to whom we have granted all a daughter's privileges;' and here my aunt drew down her double and twisted sanctimonious face, and tuned her voice to more than its usual drawl, when duty and religion were her theme, as she said: 'And after all we have done, she has proved so perverse and ungrateful, is so low and vulgar in her tastes, that it is impossible to treat her as a child, or elevate her to any respectable position. We do all we can, but it is a trial which those only can know who have experienced it. She has no higher ambition than to associate with the servants, and requires constant watching in order not to disgrace us by more debasing associates.'

Surely we opened our mouth with astonishment at such a development of character in a young girl who was offered every advantage of position, cultivation, and enjoyment; and the next time our eye caught her retreating figure, we scanned it more intently, and looked searchingly into her quiet face. It was the same evening on which we had heard her story, and it seemed to us there was a deeper shadow upon her brow, and a tear in her pale-blue eye.

Here is something to disturb our monotony. We will see if there is not a study in this strange tale.

For many nights we had heard in the stillness of the midnight slumbers a low sobbing, as if it came from a broken heart. Who in this gilded palace is bearing about the weight of a sorrow-burdened spirit? My room is a sort of eyrie, and those nearest to me may be servants; but who so humble that a woman's heart does not beat in sympathy with her wo? I will see. I opened softly the door and listened. The sobs were more distinct, and came from a low bed in a little room only a few steps across a hall from my own. Shall I penetrate farther, and learn if possible who it is that spends the long nights in weeping, where the days shine upon no face that wears the semblance of grief?

Approaching the couch and bending low my head, I whisper, 'What is the matter?' But the answer is only a bitter wail that sounds like the last agony of a broken spirit.

'What can be the matter? What has happened?'

But the coverlet is drawn closer to stifle the sobs, and no word escapes to encourage me in proffering aid or sympathy.

'Can I do any thing for you?'

'No.'

'Has any thing dreadful happened?'

'No. Leave me, you must not stay here.'

Now I knew I was with her over whom hung the mystery, and now

I learned, at least, that the frail form did not encase a heart of stone. But this was not the time to probe its secrets, and I returned to my dormitory to ponder what I should do.

Long afterward I heard the stifled moans, but in the morning on my way to breakfast, I heard the same light footsteps that seemed to be everywhere, and as I looked into the face I had last seen 'by the moon-beams' misty light,' bathed in scalding tears, it was just as calm as I had seen it on every day since I had been there, and just as stoical in its expression.

There passed between us no sign of recognition. I could not tell whether she knew I had been to her bed-side, or if she did, whether it were deemed an act of kindness or intrusion. Unless she were gliding about I could not tell where she was, and did not dare to seek her, lest the betrayal of my interest should awaken suspicion, or bring upon her some additional sorrow. Her duty seemed to be that of runner upon every errand, waiter upon every occasion. Yet, either by command or her own design, she studiously avoided my apartment, and performed no office that brought her to my presence.

If for an hour I found myself the solitary companion of my aunt Dolly, her conversation, or rather her talk, was upon the meagreness of her wardrobe, which consisted of more silks, and satins, and velvets than I had before seen in my life-time, and the meanness of her husband who did not allow her more than the price of a farm or the rent of a manor, with which to replenish it. Or else she regaled me with stories of vulgar gossip, dwelling upon them with a relish which would have disgusted the most abandoned of the victims of falsehood or crime against whom she uttered anathemas. But if the good clergyman on whose ministrations she attended came in, or some 'Lady Bountiful,' in whose eyes she wished to appear a paragon, her thoughts so naturally and her words so fluently ran up the alms-deeds she had done or wished to do, one would not imagine any thing but blessings to the poor and needy ever occupied her mind. But particularly she dwelt upon the wants of the orphan; how her heart yearned toward those who had been deprived of parents and thrown upon the cold world's charities. This was the one theme upon which she became eloquent, upon which her heart warmed with enthusiasm, and by some she was esteemed a genuine 'Lady Bountiful' herself, though when the reason was analyzed, it was evident she acquired the appellation through her words rather than her acts.

'My great desire is to do good in the world,' she would say, 'and how can I do more than by securing homes to the destitute, and providing for those whom God has bereaved: a mother to the motherless, what more honored mission!'

I listened and pondered, I observed and pondered. Surely human nature is a study which one may pursue forever and still learn.

It was a cold, gray evening, and the shutters were closed so as scarcely to admit the struggling moon-beams, as I sat alone in my room, sad because I was myself in a more dreary solitude than Crusoe on his island, being in the midst of all that the world considers necessary to happiness, and without any thing that was necessary to mine. There

was no heart to beat responsive to my own ; no word or thought ever expressed in accordance with those with which my wicked brains were teeming, and the magnetism which pervaded the atmosphere was corroding to my animal nature.

The door opened softly and I saw gliding toward me the form I had met so often, and was startled as if a less tangible apparition had come up before me.

‘Lina, is it you ?’ I said.

‘Yes,’ was the scarcely audible answer.

‘Have you come for any thing ?’

‘No.’

‘I seldom see you : where do you stay all day ?’

‘In the little room down-stairs.’

‘Why do you never mingle with the family instead of keeping so much alone ? It cannot be well for you to be by yourself, and it is not kind when you are so often requested to remain in the family-circle.’

‘Have you heard any body request me ?’ she faintly asked.

‘No, but aunt Dolly says she often does, and it is her wish that you should. She is grieved that you prefer the society of the servants to ours, and are not willing to take a daughter’s place in the house.’

‘Did aunt Dolly say this to you ?’ she exclaimed, in seeming astonishment, for though she did not bear to her the same relationship, she addressed her by the same appellation as myself.

‘Yes, she said this and more. She expressed to me the greatest anxiety on your account, and regretted that while she felt for you a mother’s love, and performed toward you a mother’s duty, you were unwilling to take a daughter’s place.’

By this time the poor child, for she was but yet a child, had crept toward me and nestled at my feet, and without answering, bowed her head upon my knees and wept.

‘What ails you, child ?’ I said. ‘Is there any reason for your strange conduct ? Tell me why you are so different from every body else ?’

‘I am not, but I cannot tell you, for you will betray me ; they would kill me if I should tell you,’ and her anguish became uncontrollable.

To seek a confidence to which I had no right, was something which conflicted with my ideas of honor, and I shrank from the revelation which a question might elicit. It would convert me, perhaps, into the friend of one and the enemy of another, under the same roof. Yet I could not listen to the heavy sobs which seemed to rend the bosom of a lonely creature who had none to share her sorrow, without wishing to give relief ; and again I said : ‘What is it, child ?’

I cannot give her words, they were incoherent, and interrupted by long fits of weeping, and I know not in what words myself to tell such a story. If it were concerning some slave-child in Mississippi, some captive among savages, or prison-bound victim of crime, it would sound credible ; but that a Christian family, in a Christian city, should constitute themselves oppressors, compared with which any we have seen pictured by fiction are unworthy the name, will not be believed when we have related it.

Tyranny had had the usual effect upon Lina’s character ; she was art-

ful and cunning, with a quickness of apprehension and execution we have never seen equalled. She had been at first the pet, and perhaps spoiled, or injured by over-weening affection, and having first been loved injudiciously, she was afterward hated in proportion.

What I did not see I will not relate, for though to me it was all probable, to others it will seem like the exaggerations of a diseased imagination. My aunt Dolly was one of those whose loves and hates became a monomania. The person whom she loved was for the time being invested with every ideal perfection, and as it is only with ideal perfection that any human being can be clothed, a love which depends on this must soon die. In the person she hated she could see no good thing, and to torture and degrade the object of her dislike was no sin, but rather a virtue. Of her own perfection she never had a doubt, and toward all who failed in abject homage to her or her opinions, she was implacable.

Lina, whom she had taken into her family with the intention of making her an idol, had developed into something different from the object on which her imagination had bestowed its idolatry. She could not make of her a showy, dashy, fashionable favorite of vulgar society, who would add to the vulgar *eclat* on which her ambition had now set its hopes, and so she was willing to degrade her into something lower than a servant.

It was only by stealth now that I saw her, or when some rupture presented a family scene to my eyes. If for a moment she escaped from the espionage which guarded her, she would flee to me, sometimes to utter the most bitter and blasphemous imprecations; for 'Why,' she would exclaim, 'why have I been born? why is it for me more than others to endure such suffering? I will not: I will kill myself: I will go into the street and beg or starve. I cannot endure it; I shall go mad.' Many times I feared she would.

To attempt to soothe was to bewilder her. She had heard of God, of Heaven, and a balancing of good and evil; but they were mingled with a confused jargon in her mind, upon which had beamed no more real and soul-emancipating light than upon a heathen.

For her the servants were not companions, and for weeks and months she lived with not a word or look of sympathy, or even of common-place talk with human beings. She was not allowed to go into the street, lest a taste of freedom should unfit her for slavery. She had never been to church, she had nothing fit to wear, and it was a self-denial her mistress could not dream of to part with money or any of her superfluous adornings, where she should obtain no credit for the sacrifice.

But it was not merely passive insult and neglect that she endured; the good woman whose drawling cant would indicate scarcely strength enough for the ordinary purpose of breathing, was subject to out-breaks of brutal passion which must have an object, and upon the child who had no refuge and no appeal her fury was spent. To many of these I was witness and listener: how the blood boils in my veins as I recall them!

One day Lina brought a piece of work which she had finished, but it had been accomplished in less time than it was thought possible to per-

form it well, and without examining it, her mistress told her to take it out and do it over.

'But will you not first examine it?' remonstrated she; 'if you find it is not well done, then I will obey you.'

'No, do as I bid you, and have no more words about it.'

'I can do it no better if I repeat the labor a dozen times. I beg of you to look at it before you oblige me to work so hard for nothing.'

'I tell you to leave me and do as I bid you.'

'I will not do it over unless you examine it, and see if it is necessary.'

'None of your impudence!' said the now enraged woman, stamping her foot with the strength of a lion. 'Take the work as I tell you, and bring it to me when you have finished it.'

'I will not,' muttered Lina, who was now as enraged as her mistress.

'Do you tell *me* you will not?' said she, as rising she struck her upon the face a blow that sent her reeling across the room. It did not prove the way to calm her passion or enforce obedience. When again she was asked, 'Will you obey me?' she said: 'No, never. You are a brute to treat me thus.'

She was told to get up.

'I will not. You knocked me down, and I will stay here.'

'Get up.'

'I won't.'

'How do you dare to speak so to me? Do you know you are dependent upon me for a home? What would become of you if I should cease to protect you?'

'You have never done any thing but abuse me. I have never been any thing but a slave in your house. I would rather go and starve, than stay here to be trampled.'

'Will you get up?'

'No.'

'Get up, I say.'

'I won't.'

She was then kicked, but still would not stir. Then the hands which were made strong by rage, dragged her to a chair, and threw her like a log upon a seat. She was then told to stand up and walk.

'I won't,' was the dogged reply.

With the fury of a tigress, the woman clutched her throat, and held her till she was black. Still she would not struggle. But she screamed 'Murder!' for surely she thought she would never breathe again.

'Will you obey me!' again reiterated the mistress.

'No.'

Then followed a scene of brutal violence too shocking to relate, which had only the effect to increase the passion and obstinacy of both. Lina refused to move, and after an hour of fruitless commands and beatings, she was dragged up-stairs, seemingly as lifeless as the clothes which were torn and scattered by the way. She was locked in her room, where she stealthily visited her to try the soothing power of kindness. But kindness was a long time in softening a spirit so thoroughly aroused.

‘No,’ she exclaimed, ‘I will never obey her, never: the wretch, the brute! she may kill me, but I will not obey her.’

‘What will you do?’

‘Starve: I wish I could. Kill myself: I have tried many times.’ And she tore her hair, and fastened her nails in her flesh till the blood flowed. ‘What have I to live for? Am I not a slave, a worse than galley-slave? Not a thing in the house does *she* do. Not a stitch of work does *she* ever take in her hands. I do the work of two, and have the care of all; and what do I get? Never even a kind word; nothing but scolding from morning till night, from year to year. I will not live. I will kill myself.’

To exhort her to be patient was useless; of this virtue I felt that she had more than I could have exercised in the same circumstances. To bid her hope for a brighter day was equally vain, for there was nothing to build hope upon. To kindle in her bosom a trust in HIM who took little children in His arms and blessed them, required more knowledge of His life and love than she had ever learned, or I had opportunity to portray. So there she sat, smarting with wounds and boiling with rage, with only submission to look upon as a door of relief.

And this was only one of many similar scenes, occurring every week, making of what should have been a Christian household a HELL. God grant there may be no worse!

Uncle Simeon was a quiet man, and meddled not with things that did not concern him, and his wife was very careful that scenes did not often come to his knowledge. He hated above all things a fuss, but if he happened in when there was one fermenting, he was sure to add fuel to the fire. He had a strong sense of justice, and if wrong was apparent to him, would attempt to set it right. But his slumbering anger was like a volcano when it burst forth. He arrived one day in time to hear the unjust reproaches which were heaped upon Lina for a trifling neglect of duty. Then there was poured out upon the author of them a storm of passion which produced a scene more revolting.

Mrs. L—— had a great facility for being sick. If any thing went wrong, hysterics were sure to come to her relief.

Then came in demand all manner of myrrh and frankincense to restore her, and the shattered remnants of household faith were brought into harmony again in the cause of physical suffering. But it was a harmony like that of the crusted lava which closes the crater, upon which you scarcely dare to breathe lest there come again a crash, the smoke and flame and frightful gorge. And this was life; this was matrimonial and domestic felicity. This was the exemplification of the religion which requires of its followers hope, peace, long-suffering, and love, among those who really believed themselves its most devout and humble worshippers; for there were none of the ceremonies enjoined by society or ecclesiastical councils which they did not scrupulously observe, which is not saying that religious ecclesiastical councils or society make unreasonable requisitions, but that they are useless without the spirit of the gospel of truth.

A LA DAME A VOILE NOIRE.

BY A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.

I.

As Night the rosy bosomed hills enfolding
Softens their tracery in his weird embrace,
So, more ethereal grew the matchless moulding
Of thy pure, earnest, spiritual face,
Most pensive maid,
Beneath the shade
Of that strange veil of melancholy lace.

II.

Art thou an abbess gliding from the chancel
Where ELOISA poured her soul and prayed,
Unshrouded and revived to cancel
Some debt of Christian charity unpaid
In years ago,
When the mid-night tone
Of Death's cold angel made thy heart afraid?

III.

Perchance thou'rt but a type of Death's own essence,
Unearthly beauty whose dark borderings
Turn men's hearts chill with horror at his presence,
And make them slaves who timely shall be kings,
But if a heavenly gale
Lifts up the veil,
Straightway they're ravished with Death's inner things.

IV.

Perhaps thou art a beautiful temptation,
Some mystic bodiment of deadly sin,
Like her who in the veil of consecration,
Mixed with the orisons of the Capuchin,
Him nightly wooing
To his undoing,
Till to his lost soul SATAN entered in,

V.

Thou art too beautiful: I'll look no longer
For be thou woman, fantasy, or sprite,
A spell is sinking over me that's stronger
Than silence in the watches of the night,
For good or evil,
From saint or devil,
I dare not lift my eyes to read aright.

THE OBSERVATIONS OF MACE SLOPER, ESQ.

FAMILIARLY NARRATED BY HIMSELF.

NUMBER NINE.

TELLING ABOUT DIFFERENT PEOPLE AND MR. FELICIEEN BOUTARD.

Nor being exactly one of your 'cute sort, Mace Sloper very often has to find out that he does n't, in these observations, always work every thing according to Gunter, nor grind off his impressions exactly on the slapslippery system of the last fast gyrascuting hoe-down Hyperion invention. That folks have indorsed these notes, to my great pleasure and astonishment, cannot be denied. The gentleman of the New-York *Times* spoke so well of them when they started, that Mace thought he must have got hold of the wrong article, although Mrs. Twiggles declared that it was truth itself, a remark which was rewarded by a bouquet-holder very wonderful to behold, since it was built on the principle of a silver six-shooter, opening with a snap, and sometimes pinching the fingers like all poverty. Colonel Porter also was so polite as to copy all the 'Slopers' into his *Spirit*, for which Mace sincerely hopes that every man who owns a horse, dog, gun, fish-rod, or pretty woman, will subscribe to the *Spirit* and pay in advance. Likewise a great many editors are also thanked for similarly copying more or less, with the exception of the chap in Ohio, who put his own name to one of them, and who is hereby warned not to repeat the offence, as Mrs. Twiggles knows something about him and family, and not much good either. Mr. Boker of Philadelphia is also thanked for the very handsome manner in which he spoke of the articles to Bayard Taylor, which, considering that he was called an ungodly youth in one of them, was very Christian of him indeed. But I am principally indebted to Mr. Carl Benson, who, while reading one of my pieces, went off on a regular bust, and had his pocket picked of ninety-seven dollars in a purse knit by Mrs. Benson, a very bad thing for him, but a great gain for the readers of the *KNICKERBOCKER*, since it made him write a song worth a thousand dollars any day to American literature. *Apropow* of this song, which was imitated from a foreign one by Professor Mapes, Mace Sloper would say that he considers this last gentleman a super-concentrated first-rate corn-doctor, since Mr. Elkanah Batchelder of Long Squid, R. I., tells me that by following the Professor's directions he got a double crop of corn out of a fifty-acre patch last summer. As Mace is right down sorry that so good a fellow as Carl Benson should have lost ninety-seven dollars through him, he will make a proposal. I, Sloper, will let Mr. Benson have four shares of Yonkville stock at one dollar ninety-seven cents, payable in thirty days. If by that time the stock shall not have rose to such a figure that he can clear his ninety-seven dollars, I, Sloper, will take the stock back again. I would also

mention to readers of the KNICKERBOCKER and others that the Yonkville is beyond question the *best stock at present in existence*, measures having been taken to remove the debt of the road. Its present dividend is eighteen per cent per annum, which will be raised next year to TWENTY-FIVE if we can borrow money enough for the purpose on some English rails just received, for which the company has given its note at eighteen months. Should Mr. Benson decline this operation, and as he inclines to buy horses, I am happy to inform him that my friend Hiram Twine has, in addition to 'Wretch' and 'Demon,' two fast crabs, which he sells simply because they are altogether *too good* for any man not married, and which (to be obliging) he will let Mr. Benson have for *just ninety-seven dollars less than their real value*.

Not being one of your 'cute sort, it would perhaps have been just as well if I had left out upward of most of the above-written and proceeded at once to state that one or two ladies, who have done me the honor to cut up my pieces considerable, have asked what I supposed folks would think of my mentioning Mrs. Twiggles, being as she was, at Cape May, and never saying a word about her being in any company but mine. 'That,' says I, 'is nobody's business.' 'But, my dear Mr. Sloper, only *consider*, now, how awful it looks. At a watering-place going about *with a gentleman*, and not one word of her having a relation there! Oh! it will never, never do! Folks will say — O gracious! what *won't* they say? — and if her friends in Cin —'

To settle this hash I may as well say first and last, that she was there with her niece, Mrs. Felicien Boutard, and her niece's husband, Mr. Felicien Boutard.

When I first saw Felicien Boutard, he sat opposite me across the table at the Astor-House, and as dinner went on I was rather took by his queer way of talking. When he took great pains he spoke English pretty straight; when he did n't, he talked as if he had discovered some Hoosier society among the French, and cultivated it up to the handle; when he was all of a fluster and regularly discombobberated, which happened every five minutes, he went off into complete gyratics and bloviated about in a little wilderness of French talking and cussing until he found himself straight again on the high-and-dry bluff of English.

'Wal, gentlemen,' says he, looking mighty pleasant at me and my friend Mr. Reed Price Tilton, 'ef a man cars for hot weather, this hy'ar would be likely to suffumigate him — *some*. New-York comes in — it *does* — on what wars and tars out human sweetness. I'm a-bout what the Indians call *tah-na-pelola* — 'most wiped out, what between being shined on frum a-bove and gouged from *be-low*.'

Here he held up and cooled off with a bowl of soup. This over, Mr. Tilton spoke to him very smooth and sejectively.

'New-York, Sir, is certainly very trying to strangers. You will often find yourself half out of patience, or at least put upon second thoughts, if you try to keep up with the natives.'

I reckon this sort of put Mr. Boutard upon second thoughts himself; for he answered quite moderately and slow-come.

'True — true. Yet when one is by nature impulsive — particularly

if he has one peculiar point of irritation in business — and that point is touched! — gentleman — I say — *eef zat point ees toshe.*

Here he glared at us almost furiously, and gasped:

'Shentleman — I beg pardone — bote you air note *drommare?*'

'Are not *what?*' inquired Tilton, amazed up to the nines and above six.

'Drommare — *drommare* — DRUM — A — R — E?' cried the eccentric gentleman, now a complete Frenchman, and looking almost demented. '*Ze sacré* dam drommare — de sone of a *chiennne* gens fou'r'e de drommaire veetch is more maudit seclerat zan one Omahaw nig-injun. Ze accorsed dam drommaire veetch droms ze strangare to buy his dam cochonnerie of seelks and sowing-sred and what bore him wiz ze théâtre billets and din-nare and be dam to heem.'

If the doctors, after Mace Sloper is dead, should open him and find something broke loose, or a flue split, or any thing out of kilter, they may as well know once for all that he did it trying to hold in a laugh when Felicien Boutard blessed the drummers and borers of New-York. We both assured him that we were O. K., and sound as wheat on the drummer question, Tilton admitting that he was a buyer himself.

'Ah — *hoo!*' heaved Boutard, pacified, but not quite out of his flurry. 'Wal, gentlemen, it allers sort of nizzes my ha'r and brings out the ugly — high — when these indi — *vid* — uals undertake to port me through the *rapides*. I paddle my own cunnoo — you may 'low high on *that*, and do n't foller no drummin nor ffin' nother. *Horse!* But I tell you — I got *enragée* this mornin' — *tonnerre de Dieu* — horse! — and vingt cent mille mocoeks full of feu d'enfer! I went into a stor' whar I had a letter, and raked out setch plunder as I wanted — *objets de fantaisie* fur the Injun trade and some fur my toun custumers — and then I drawed the trail and 'lowed I call again.'

'Nonsense, Mr. Boutard,' says the man, says he. 'I want you to dine with me to-day and drive out this afternoon and go to the concert to-night and take a look round toun after the concert and — oh! we'll fix you off all right — and — I just want now to show you some red blankets that'll suit your complaint — exactly.'

'I gote mad. 'Monsieur shall know,' I say, 'by dam zat I pay argent comptant — ze cash down — and eef Monsieur vant to tree-e-et he sall add eet to ze discount. You onderstand — hey? — ze DEEEES-COUNT? You comptez votre diable de sacré dinnare and con-sairte and champagne and FILLES (and be dam to you, all ovaire) and tek eet off ze bill. How you like *zat* — eh?' And zen I geeve him one smile — ver' polite — and tek my hat and my départ.'

If the smile which Mr. Boutard gave the merchant was any thing like the tan-yard grin that he ended this speech off with, I rather reckon that the enterprising salesman was cured of all fancy for boring, for an hour any way. Perhaps Boutard himself felt that he had drawn it rather strong — for he remained, after that, good English to the end of the dinner, only forgetting himself into Hoosier over the almonds and raisins. The next day he settled down into a friend, and on the third made his appearance with a wife — a youngish lady, with a pleasant sort of a pretty button-mouth face and round, good-natured

eyes — a lady whose general look was a plump smile, and whose general faith was in her husband's perfection, and whose mission in life was to keep down his Hoosier talk — to keep up his English and make out that his French was only one of cords of wonderful accomplishments. In fact she was just a round, sound, funny-looking angel — that same Mrs. Boutard.

Hiram Twine was rather flummuxed on Boutard when he first met him. Hiram was talking of Paris, and Boutard being in a state of Frenchiness, he rather knocked Hiram by asking him 'eef ze Franshe were fond of ze Americains?'

'Why, what do you think of them yourself?' was the very natural answer.

'Vhat I sink of zem my-silf? Vy vhat shold I sink of my own com-patriote — eh?'

'Have *you* never *lived* in France?' asked Hiram, rather short, thinking that Boutard was running him.

'Een France! — *bon Dieu!* — I was nev-are out of zis con—tree. Sare — I am one natif Americain — and was born in Mas-souri! Een France — parbleu!'

Well, to shorten things, when Mrs. Twiggles was at Cape May, it was with the Boutards, and it was in their company that we held up at the Lapierre Hotel, in Philadelphia, on our return. And it was in that establishment that Mace Sloper allowed his mighty soul to settle down to a spirit-level after the dizzypations of Cape May, and began to study Philadelphia nature in the visitors received by the Boutards and Amelia.

S U M M E R A N D L O V E .

The summer's in its beauty now,
Of shrub and flower and tree,
And yet I prize above them all,
One look of love from thee!

The summer birds are singing now,
Their songs so full of glee,
And yet there's music sweeter far,
In a word of love from thee!

The summer sun is beaming now,
On wood and lake and sea,
And yet to me were brighter far
One smile of love from thee!

The summer breeze is laden now
With sweets to tempt the bee,
And yet to me were worth them all
One kiss of love from thee!

L I T E R A R Y N O T I C E S .

REPORT OF THE PRESIDENT AND SUPERINTENDENT OF THE NEW-YORK AND ERIE RAIL-ROAD TO THE STOCKHOLDERS, for the Year ending September 30, 1855. Printed by Order of the BOARD OF DIRECTORS. In one volume: pp. 180. New-York: Press of the ERIE RAIL-ROAD COMPANY.

PERHAPS this 'Report' may not be considered as altogether a literary work, and by some persons a notice of it may be deemed somewhat out of place in the review department of the KNICKERBOCKER. But we beg leave respectfully to differ. To *us*, the NEW-YORK AND ERIE RAIL-ROAD is something more than a 'fixed fact'—a great iron thoroughfare, sweeping through some of the most sublime and beautifully-picturesque scenery in the whole length and breadth of our great and glorious State. There is to us a *sentiment* about it: there are memories connected with it, which *we* certainly would not 'willingly let die.' We have heard from our neighbor, Mr. ELEAZER LORD, its first PRESIDENT, and we might almost say its first projector, a detailed account of its rise and progress, from its earliest beginning to its final completion at Dunkirk. We have been an invited guest upon the first 'opening' of every rod of the road, from Piermont to Dunkirk; from Piermont to Ramapo; from Ramapo to Goshen; from Goshen to Otisville; from Otisville to Port Jervis; from Port Jervis to Binghamton; and so onward to its terminus at Dunkirk. Many are the recollections which crowd upon our mind in connection with these celebrations. Chief among them is the remembrance of our old friend, the lamented H. C. SEYMOUR, late State Engineer of New-York, so long identified with the best interests and the most important improvements of this great work. There was a 'good time' at Goshen, when *that* opening took place. OGDEN HOFFMAN was there, with his pleasant smile and reedy voice: Governor SEWARD (they were both on the old 'stamping-ground' of their boyhood) made a capital speech, we remember, to his crewhile fellow-townsmen; and all went off bravely. But passing the 'observances' at the opening to Port Jervis—which, both in the transit, and at that picturesque town, bordering upon three States, was all that could be desired—what a time we had in getting to Binghamton! How poor 'H. C.' felt that winter's night, when with two feet of snow on the track, and a driving, blinding snow-storm from

the north-west, which thickened all the air, two engines toiled up to the 'Summit,' which he had so feared could not be gained! But it was *done*, and down we swept to the lovely valley where hospitable, genial Binghamton ('Ch'nang-P'int,) lies nestled amidst its amphitheatre of hills.' There was 'fun' that cold night, and next morning, at Dr. B——'s, over the 'Ch'nang' river. C. M. L., H. L. P., and Ex. Dep. U. S. Attorney E——, will testify to that. Also, buck-wheat cakes and grace at table the next morning. Ah! that was a pleasant time, (although we lost our bag;) and long and lasting have been the friendships then 'inaugurated.' Going and returning, BAYARD TAYLOR and 'Old KNICK' occupied the same seat: and we had occasion afterward to see how safely all his descriptions of nature may be relied upon. His pen is a perfect daguerreotype. When the train, returning, reached the great Starucca Viaduct, how the President, Directors, passengers, *all* of us, in fact, slode down the steep bank, (our friend, Gen. WEBB, of the '*Courier and Enquirer*,' we remember, being the best navigator of the entire 'crowd,') and standing there in the clear cold air of that glorious winter morning, looking up at the lofty stone arches of that massive and beautiful structure, raised three hearty cheers for Mr. KIRKWOOD, the modest, quiet, but most efficient architect and builder! All who saw this, at that time, *ought* to have seen the 'Cascade Bridge' from below. But 'somehow or 'nother,' like the Americans at Bladensburg, 'they did n't seem to take no interest;' but President LOBER, the 'Chevalier BAYARD,' and 'the undersigned,' *did* go down, half up to our necks in snow, two hundred and eighty feet, and look up, almost with awe, at that single span, suspended in air, light to the eye, but firm as the everlasting rocks which form its support. There was a merry time returning. Few who were present will ever forget it, especially the fireman's song, given to us by Major BROWN; the refrain of which was:

'O-o-o-h carry me back
To Lackawack,
To Lackawaxen shore.'

'We'd nothing to eat except bear's meat,
We'd nothing to drink at all:
O-o-o-h carry me back
To Lackawack,
To Lackawaxen shore!'

and much more to the same purport, which we made Mr. 'JOE HOXIE,' by uproarious *encores*, sing about fifty times before we reached town; the last time, standing on a dry goods box, just as we touched dock, surrounded by the 'entire company,' and especially cheered on by a good-natured, pleasant *claqueur*, whom many of our readers have seen in the Mechanics' Bank in Wall-street, during business hours. But how we are running on! Where are many of those who were with us there? Major BROWN is no more; the warm heart of H. C. SEYMOUR sleeps cold and still in the beautiful Rockland Cemetery, and the sun that shines through the vari-colored morning-glories as we write, gilds near by the tall white shaft that records his name and his fame: and of others who imparted life and pleasure to that company, the places that knew them once can know them no more forever! Turn we

now to the 'Report' before us, from which we have kept the reader quite too long. As an abstract of the annual report of such a vast work as that of the New-York and Erie Rail-Road is always given in the public journals, we shall content ourselves with glancing at a few of the remarkable features of the management of this great thoroughfare. Premising that the affairs of the Company, as represented in the lucid report of HOMER RAMSDELL, Esq., the PRESIDENT, are in a greatly improved and flourishing condition, its finances never better, and its vast business constantly augmenting, we pass to a few comments upon some of the details of the management of the road under Mr. D. C. McCALLUM, the very capable and energetic Superintendent. This officer's able report embodies a very full and intelligent *exposé* of the internal organization and working of the road, and will command the attention not only of all rail-road men, but of all who take an interest in the great artificial avenues to wealth and comfort in our great and growing country. He presents to us a detailed account of the general divisions of the road; of the responsibility and duties of the superintending officers; of the operations and benefits of the telegraph; of the cost of transportation; of the expenditures in construction for the past, and estimates for the present year, etc., etc.

There is *one* feature of this road of which we wish especially to speak: and that is the *Telegraph System*, along the whole line of the road. Let us suppose — but it is no supposition, it is simply the fact — Mr. McCALLUM sitting in his apartment in the spacious General New-York and Erie Rail-Road Office, at the foot of Chambers-street, on the North River. You are first to pre-suppose that all along the whole line, of nearly five hundred miles in length, are express, mail, passenger, and freight-trains, passing and re-passing each other at almost all hours of the day, with branch-roads sending upon the main trunk-road *their* quota of its great business. All this, you are to understand, is a perfect *system*, laid out with care and caution, and the result of much thought and careful forecast. You observe that in this apartment of the Superintendent, terminate the wires which traverse the whole length of the road. Is a train *delayed*, after leaving a station, or does it fail to *reach* a station, the fact is instantaneously communicated: so of any guard *against* accident, or any accident *itself*: each and all are known 'in the twinkling of an eye,' by the Superintendent, or by a competent and safe-judging *locum tenens*, should the duties of the former require him to be absent from full communication with the line of the road. We have seen a 'Monthly Analysis of Detentions' to first-class passenger, and Numbers one and two freight-trains, on the several divisions of the road, for the month of July. The *time* of detention is accurately put down — the *causes* invariably set forth. Trains delayed in passing; on passenger trains, from slipping eccentrics; breaking parallel rods; hot journals, breaking crank-axles; obstructions on the track; getting off the switch; engines not ready; trains not ready; waiting for trains from other roads; waiting for steam-boats; heavy trains, and wet rails; by taking in wood and water; trains breaking in two; orders received by telegraph; conductors not ready, and waiting for baggage or mails — all these are recorded with scrupulous care and cor-

rectness, from telegraph reports, almost momentarily received at the office. What if NAPOLEON, sitting in his tent, could have commanded his armies by lightning, as does Mr. McCALLUM *his* Generals, (the LOCOMOTIVES,) bidding them advance or retreat, as the case may be, with all their *followers*, by a wave of his hand!

Well do we remember the pride and pleasure with which H. C. SEYMOUR saw the triumph of his 'Broad-Gauge' plan, before the PRESIDENT and Board of Directors of the road, over a persevering and strong opposition. On this subject, Mr. McCALLUM bears the most abundant testimony in favor of the 'Broad-Gauge.' But our review is already too long, although we are not *finished*. Shall we have 'our say' again, one of these days? As Mrs. GAMP remarks to Mrs. HARRIS, 'Such is our intentions.'

SOUTHERN OR PRACTICAL POETRY: Designed for the Benefit of All. By WILLIAM TERRY. In one Miniature Pamphlet Volume: Atlanta, Georgia: KAY'S MAMMOTH PRESS.

THIS is rather a small concern to come from a 'mammoth press;' but as a Southern friend has requested a 'notice of it in our review department,' we hasten to acquit ourselves of that duty: partly 'for fun;' partly to add to the income of the United States' Patent Office; and 'thirdly and lastly,' to serve the purposes of the author; which purposes are thus set forth in a 'Preface to the Reader:'

'I SHALL, in my plain and simple manner, give you the motive which caused me to have the following work published. Having repeated some of my productions (as it is commonly termed) to some of my friends, they requested me to do so; and, agreeably to their request, I consented. I desire to please all, (so far as I think is right,) and I consider it my right to do as I please (allowing all others the same liberty) in all things, so far as not in any manner (unless requested) to interfere with another's rights or privileges—for I consider a busy-body, in other people's matters, a very troublesome character:

'THEIR tongues, with which they tittle-tattle,
And through the neighborhood do rattle,
By telling tales, good friends divide
And all true friendship set aside.'

'Having formed in my mind certain improvements in the mechanic art, which I think would be of use to mankind in general, on which account I have a strong desire to bring into use, as soon as possible, and it is often the case that it is necessary to make many trials or experiments to bring into practical use a new thing, I have adopted this plan, hoping the proceeds of this and others of a like nature may aid me in carrying on said improvements. I would friendly say to one and all, please to assist me in circulating this work, in order to aid me in carrying on my design. In so doing they will confer a most singular favor on the author, and will swell his heart with true and ardent gratitude. Should this edition pass off readily, I purpose (should life and health permit) to have a larger, containing some new matter, printed. I intend using the pen when opportunity may offer. The improvements are a machine for cutting, thrashing, cleaning, and bagging wheat in the field; one for grinding corn and cobs in a common grist-mill; one for tanning hides; tools for turning large columns; one for sharpening shoe-pegs; one for dressing and tongue and grooving lumber; one for cutting straw or other materials for feeding stock; and one for the printing business.'

The foregoing will afford a fair specimen of Mr. TERRY's *prose* style: turn we now to a few samples of his *poetical* manner. We commence with a mellifluous passage from a 'pome' entitled '*The Bow, or Duty Discharged*:'

'WHEN duty's discharged 't leaves the mind at ease,
It acts as the great calm upon the roaring seas;
As when the bow is bent, and held so by the string,
To send the arrow forth to pierce some distant thing;
Now loose from it the string and thereby set it free,
It then flies back again to first place or degree;
When any thing is bent, caused by some string or weight,
Remove the weight and string and quickly it is strait;
E'en so the human mind may under trouble bend,
Remove the load away, and quickly it will mend;
But let them stay, confined by some idea or a string,
At length it takes a set and looses all its spring;
The mind, it may be bent upon some place or thing,
As when the bow is bent and held so by the string;
Then draw the bow quite tight, with the arrow on the string,
Be sure you have it right on the object or the thing;
Then let the string go free and carry forth the dart,
And if you've aimed aright you're sure to hit the mark;
Then let us strain the mind and cause it for to spring,
To shoot the idea forth upon the place or thing;
And let us steady well, and take a proper aim,
And let us act aright, and happiness we'll gain;
Then let the ideas spring, and quickly perform their part,
With the elastic spring that carries forth the dart;
Whate'er we have to do, whatever it may be,
Let us perform the act, and let the mind go free;
By acting this way we would prevent much dread,
We should not slumber on, but spring up from the bed.'

Have you encountered any 'poetry' lately, reader, that can be fairly said to *compare* with that? We candidly confess that we have *not*. Here are some lines '*For Congress*,' which that grave body would do well to heed:

'THE great that robes of honor wear,
If genuine, they're made of care;
Care brings some trouble to the mind,
For to select the true design;
Responsibility should rest,
With its true weight within the breast;
In justice all your acts be made,
By which you move the present age;
The Constitution is the guide,
Over your acts for to preside;
The line and rule that you should take,
To form and measure all you make;

By using of these Golden Rules,
As faithful men work with the Tools;
You'll fix the building of the State,
In strength and beauty that is great;
How many in this happy land,
Bound to obey your great command!
The rich and poor, the great and small,
Are under your direction all;
For our beloved country's weal,
All should the greatest interest feel;
That day by day — also the night,
All things be done, and done up right.'

The poem '*On Veneration*' next commands our attention. As the editor of the '*Bunkum Flagstaff and Independent Echo*' exclaims: 'How hard it is to write good!' Here we see that 'great moral truth' fully illustrated:

'SOME fancy their good looks which appear to them fine,
Some prize their fine jewels which around them do shine;
Some place their affections on their fine cattle and horse,
Some like their fine garden, poultry, and nice house;
Some look on the clothing that they themselves made,
The flowers in the yard, and the bowers that shade;
Some flatter themselves in their great learning and wit,
Some seem to rejoice that they've not got a bit;
Some men will compare to a great glass-eyed toad,
As to sense in good matters they're green as a gourd,
Some seem to be pleased with fine manner and gait,
Others take pleasure in beholding the great:

Others take delight in what they're to do,
 And a straight-forward course in this life they pursue;
 Some's got lying, cheating, stealing, with perfect skill,
 In doing such acts, treats his neighbor quite ill;
 The debauchee will of his vile acts often boast,
 Notwithstanding the fire in which he may roast.'

And here we must pause: contenting ourselves with the reflection that if we have assisted to cut, 'thrash,' clean, and bag one bushel of Southern wheat in the field; or to grind one ear of Southern corn, cob and all; tanned one Southern hide; made one Southern turning-tool; or sharpened one Southern shoe-peg, then has our imperfect and inadequate 'literary notice' not been written altogether in vain.

A COURSE OF LECTURES ON THE CONSTITUTIONAL JURISPRUDENCE OF THE UNITED STATES: Delivered annually in Columbia College, New-York. By WILLIAM ALEXANDER DUER, LL.D., late PRESIDENT of that Institution. Second Edition: Revised, Enlarged, and adapted to Professional as well as General Use. Boston: LITTLE, BROWN AND COMPANY.

THE maxim of CICERO, taken by the author of this volume for its motto, that '*It is well for every one to have some knowledge of the State,*' was never more applicable than to American citizens at the present day. In a country where every body is of necessity a politician, and at a time when the interests of politics are more immediately concentrated upon great leading constitutional questions, a book like the one before us, which traces accurately and clearly, with a judicial pen and judicial experience, the principles and practical working of the body of Jurisprudence of the United States, is of prime importance and interest. The knowledge of our own government in its elements and sanctions, cannot be studied too early or too late. The Constitution is the political catechism of the nation, and should be conned as zealously as any religious creed. Judge DUER, former President of Columbia College, by his studies as a lawyer, his experience as a politician, a legislator, and a member of the State Judiciary of New-York, was eminently qualified to exhibit the bearing of the constitutional law. In a series of lectures originally delivered to the senior class of Columbia College, he has unfolded with brevity and with consummate skill the great principles of the Federal Constitution, tracing its working through the various branches of its Legislative, Executive, and Judicial authority; its relations with states abroad, and its regulations with and among the several members of the confederacy at home. Introductory to the whole is a sketch of the history of the Confederation down to the date of the present Constitution. An appendix supplies the text of several valuable documents, as the articles of confederation, the Constitution, and, what is now of timely interest, the Ordinance for the Government of the Territory of the United States North-west of the River Ohio. To render this political manual still more available, in addition to its table of contents it has an admirable analysis of the entire subject of the work, exhibiting its strict unity and legal deduction, while a copious

index distributes the numerous topics under appropriate heads leaving nothing to be desired on the score of convenience and easy intelligibility. It gives us pleasure to chronicle this work in a new edition, in a form worthy of the library, and enriched with new addition of authorities and cases. Messrs. LITTLE, BROWN AND COMPANY, have expended unusual care upon its publication, and the work now goes forth among the most approved and well-appointed legal issues of their house. The 'Outlines' just saw the light in time for the approval of JAMES MADISON and Chief-Justice MARSHALL, and certainly no succeeding commendations could surpass such honorable *imprimaturs*. The numerous editions through which the book has passed, prove as demonstrably its practical value. We cordially commend it anew as an essential volume — for study and reference — to the library of every American gentleman.

HOUSEHOLD MYSTERIES: A ROMANCE OF SOUTHERN LIFE. By 'LIZZIE PETIT,' of Virginia, Author of 'Light and Darkness.' In one volume: pp. 300. New-York: D. APPLETON AND COMPANY. Numbers 346 and 348 Broadway.

We do not know that 'LIZZIE PETIT' is a real name: we only know that it is an euphonious *nom de plume*. We very little affect the 'flash' or 'botanical' style of authorship nomenclature: but one thing we *do* know; and that is, that 'LIZZIE PETIT,' 'whoever she may be or not,' is a clever woman; a shrewd observer; an accurate describer of scene and character; and certainly an honor to the literary 'force' of 'good Old VIRGINIA.' May Virginia 'never tire' of the books of LIZZIE PETIT! We shall not dwell upon the merits nor the defects of this book. The former abound — the latter are sparsely scattered through its pages: and could we have had the pleasure to see the fair authoress when she did us the honor to 'drop in' at our publication-office, we should have had little hesitation in pointing them out to her. After all, they are but trifles. But 'LIZZIE' shall 'speak for herself:' and few are the women but can do *that* better than any other person can do it *for* them. Here is a picture of an old maid, that is drawn to the very life. We think we see her, as Dr. VALENTINE represents the character in his inimitable personation: 'Ay, ay — yes, *yes!* She *knows* that I know it! When I asked her if it was *so*, she would n't *take*. Then I *told* her right eout: says I to her, says I: 'Car-line, I have been ask't if you was engaged to ENOCH SMITH, and was goin' to be married to him p'utty soon. I said I did n't know, but the very next time I see you, I would ask you. Is it *so*, Car-line?' She was real spiteful: says she to me, says she: 'If any body asks you that question ag'in, you just tell 'em that you don't *know*, and that it is *none o' your business!*' I did n't understand it at first, but goin' hum I thought she meant to insult me. Any way, that was all I could get out o' *her*: but it's *so*, I *know*; because HIRAM HOPKINS told JERUSHA DUSEN —' But to our *present* 'benign cerulean of the second sex:'

'MISS PRUDENCE PRIM SPITFIRE was, by no means, a rare character. Too envious and ill-natured even in her younger days to retain the regard of the most enamored swain for any length of time, in her declining years she was forced to the unpleasant alternative of 'making her home among friends,' and this she did without the slightest

regard to the taste or convenience of the unhappy beings whose households were subject to her incursions; making herself perfectly at home, and interfering, without leave or license, with the most private concerns of the family of which she was for the time being a member.

Finding Huntingwild more agreeable than most of her other stopping-points, she often, at different periods, spent as much as six months during the year there, and Mr. ST. JOHN being too indolent, and Mrs. ST. JOHN too benevolent to displace her, she had grown to be somewhat of a privileged character.

Her strong imaginary claims on the family were founded on what she was pleased to consider the near relationship existing between Mr. ST. JOHN and herself, she being the step-daughter of his mother's sister. It was supposed that, at one period of her life, Miss PRUDENCE entertained a visionary hope that the not very musical soubriquet of SCITIFIRE might be changed for the more euphonious name of ST. JOHN. Be that as it may, she was one of the most strenuous opposers of that 'artful widow's' claims; and, indeed, it was rumored that an anonymous letter or two was dropped in Mr. ST. JOHN's way, not complimenting the character of Mrs. WALTON in very extravagant terms, but that, of course, was all talk.

True, every now and then, even at the period of which we speak, a latent spite against the innocent, forbearing woman, who had borne with her ill-temper and caprices for years as none other would, was very perceptible in Miss PRUDENCE's actions.

A few days after the events of our last chapter, that most exemplary specimen of her sex entered the store-room, where Mrs. ST. JOHN, in the midst of raisins, sugar, cut-glass, jelly, etc., was superintending the preparations for the dessert.

She came in, head tied up and duster in hand, by way of illustrating her domestic virtues and untiring industry, qualities, by the way, which no one, save herself, had ever been able to discover in her composition.

'What's the matter with IDA,' she began, 'that she can't be civil to decent people? Here she has been moping about the house like a ghost, for these two or three days past, and just now I found her in the back-parlor buried in a volume of BYRON's high-flown, foolish trash, or that nasty, immoral BULWER she's so fond of, I don't know which. I asked her ladyship what was the matter, and sat down to have a good, long, confidential chat—but not a word could I get out of her.'

'Good, long, confidential chat,' thought Mrs. ST. JOHN, 'Heaven forbid;' but she only glanced at MIRANDA, who was busily weighing cake, and said:

'I am very much engaged now, Miss PRUDENCE, but can send MIRANDA away, if you wish any private conversation with me.'

'Oh! no. I want no private conversation. MIRANDA's no fool, if she is a negro. And as for that matter, any body can see how things are going on. Well, in my time young ladies were brought up differently. They did n't consume their time dawdling over novels, or hanging over the piano pretending to practise, and flirting with harum-scarum fellows not worth the shot 't would take to shoot 'em.'

'If you are not in favor of a match with that rowdy CAMERON HAUGHTON, it's time you were looking after your eldest daughter. She's old enough to know better; but she's no more discretion than I had at ten years old. Why, I might have been married forty times, if I had chosen to take up with the like of that.'

'IDA, Miss PRUDENCE has quite discretion enough to quiet a mother's fears on the score of her conduct; and as for Mr. HAUGHTON,' and there was a repressed warmth in her tone, 'so far from being a rowdy, he is a young man whose manners and appearance would render him distinguished in any assemblage.'

'Distinguished for what? gambling and horse-racing? I believe those are his principal accomplishments. Well, that's just like you. You always justify your children, no matter what they do. You'll see what it will come to at last. If I had had the raising of my cousin JOHN ST. JOHN's children; well, I'll say no more about that! but IDA, no body to advise her. What a fate hers will be!'

Even Mrs. ST. JOHN's patience was threadbare. MIRANDA gave a torrent of blows to the cake-batter in her indignation, which, no doubt, materially enhanced its lightness, and, on pretence of asking for further directions, whispered:

'Mistress, how can you stand and let that 'oman aggravate you so? Why do n't you tell her to mind her own business, it's no affair o' hers.'

Mrs. ST. JOHN took up her key-basket as if to leave the room, and said with calm dignity:

'I would be very much indebted to you, Miss PRUDENCE, if you would choose some more private opportunity to canvass the affairs of my household, that is, if you deem your interference necessary, which I must say I do not.'

'Well, upon my word! As good as to tell me to mind my own business. Well, you'll not have occasion to do that twice. I'll rid you of my presence, Madam, this evening, if you'll allow me the carriage. I can find plenty of places, as good as my cousin JOHN ST. JOHN's house, where I will not be ordered to hold my tongue.'

'I am not aware of having given you any such order; but the carriage is at your disposal this evening, if you wish it, of course.'

'Miss PRUDENCE burst into a torrent of virtuous indignation, while Mrs. ST. JOHN quietly left the store-room, and two hours afterward the injured saint was encountered by Mr. ST. JOHN in the hall, following CÆSAR and ANTONY, who, bearing between them a huge trunk, with every mark on it of thirty years' long service, were grinning with ill-concealed delight at the new prospect of affairs.

'Why, what now, PRUDENCE? You are not going to leave us?'

'Yes; I've been as good as turned out of doors by your lady-wife. Well, it will be long before I darken her doors again.'

'Pshaw! this is nonsense. My wife never ill-treated any one intentionally in her life.'

'Oh! I can't expect but what you'd take up for her. Well, I've got nothing against you, cousin JOHN, and you'll find I've left a pair of socks as a parting gift on my table for you. The white ones are NOBLE's, the blue mixed, with white toes, are yours,' and the carriage rolled off, bearing away the martyred PRUDENCE.

'Here, DASH! Old fellow, you can come in now without being assailed by Miss SPITFIRE's trumpet tones,' said NOBLE, whistling to his dog. 'By what stroke of diplomacy did you get rid of her this time, mother?'

'No one expressed the slightest surprise at her movements. She was in the habit of making her exits and entrances by jerks and starts, leaving at some fancied offence with the unfailing declaration 'never to darken these doors again,' and returning again whenever it suited her convenience with the utmost coolness, and making no allusion to the past.'

This single extract will show the naturalness and force of LIZZIE's style; and it will do more: it will induce our readers to buy her book, which is precisely what we wish them to do: and for that very reason we decline to say one word as to the character of the literary treat they have in store. Let them find it out themselves, from its own fair and beautifully-printed pages.

SPECIMEN PAGES OF DR. KANE'S ARCTIC EXPEDITION: To be published in Two Volumes Octavo, by MESSRS. CHILDS AND PETERSON. Number 124 Arch-street, Philadelphia.

WHAT an appetising lunch is to a delicious dinner at a late hour in the day, these '*Specimen Pages*' are to Dr. KANE's magnificent work, soon to be forthcoming. The pages themselves, although few in number, tempted us, as we read, to anticipate the publication of the work in its entirety, so interesting and full of the spirit of life are they: while the numerous engraving, executed in the very first style of the art of celature, and impressed upon paper of fine texture and color, show that in the pictorial features of the volumes they bid fair to be unsurpassed by any work of a kindred character which has proceeded from the American press. The two octavo volumes, in which this great work will be comprised, will contain some five hundred pages each; twenty-two fine steel-plates; three hundred superb wood-engravings, together with four maps, showing the important discoveries of this humane expedition. Thirty thousand subscribers have already given their names for the work, and one hundred thousand copies are to be printed for the first year's supply. We await with deep interest, not to say impatience, for its early publication. There is one great merit in the style of Dr. KANE, as indicated in these pages. His descriptions are exceedingly *graphic*. He gives you a complete picture in a few strokes of the pen, and bores you with no merely dry detail.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

OUR 'UP-RIVER' CORRESPONDENT AT LAKE MEMPHRAMAGOG. — Again we welcome one among the most esteemed of all our old friends and contributors. Hear what a Southern friend (himself an admirable writer and critic) says of him and his writings, in a recent note to the EDITOR: 'Cherish your 'Up-River,' 'Green-Mountain,' and 'Niagara' correspondent. How quietly humorous he is! — how natural, graceful, *pure* his style; and what a world of *thought* there is in him! I consider this brief passage in his 'Niagara' letter as striking as any thing I ever saw from his pen. It is replete with strength and beauty:

'From the creation until now the like smoke and incense of the cataract have been perpetually going up. The voice in which it speaks is the utterance of the past prolonged until now; having no echo, for there is no echo of a voice which is unceasing, and a repetition of one implies that it is itself gone. The words of men die away, the tones of the sweet singer and the cadences of the orator, domestic words in which affection murmurs to the ear and heart, are temporary as the summer-birds. But this, like the deep, broad sea, keeps on sounding, and though continual and present, it seems to come from afar off. It identifies us with an antiquity which is always sublime and solemn, and merges the ages which are past into the brief existence which we are enjoying now. Thus it makes us as old as itself. NAPOLEON, as his army was encamped on the sands of the desert, once stretched forth his arm, and said: 'Forty centuries look down upon you from the heights of yon pyramids.' But this is the identical voice which sounded long before the pyramids were built. When I listened to it each night upon my pillow, it seemed like the deepest base-note of creation. It never varies, and let the wind blow high or low, is never lost to the ear a second.'

But let our lake-explorer be heard. We always feel sensible of some degree of bad taste in introducing his communications to our readers: and yet, some how or another, we cannot help it:

'At the head of Lake Memphramagog, July.

'I STARTED at six o'clock on a bright Monday morning in the early part of July, to ride fifty miles up the country to the northern part of Vermont, on a visit of exploration to Lake Memphramagog, associated with moose, deer, fish, canoes, Indians, and a primeval wilderness, a lake whose sounding title, like some of those great names invoked by MILTON, used to suggest romantic ideas in the early study of geography. Memphramagog and Winnipisiogee! There is an element of poetry in Indian names; but where practical life begins, poetry stops. *Plus and minus*, 1, 2, 3, saw-mills, cotton-factories, common-schools, dollars, and other things, *ejus-*

dem generis, flatten out the dialect of peoples, and breathe no poetry except what comes through the nose. But what was once fiction will soon be fact, and then fact may become the basis of a grander fiction. We realize what we first dream of, and then go to dreaming again. ICARUS no longer falls away from his waxen fastenings, the winged horse of Arabian story flies through the air, PROMETHEUS has really stolen flames from heaven, and the race of fire-breathing monsters is not extinct. If the spirit of poetry has departed with a race who spoke in hyperboles, they have at least left us some great and high-sounding names which can never be erased from the geography of our land.

'All day we were on the ascent, passing through the wildest and the roughest parts of Green-Mountain scenery. A branch of the Winooski was on the right or the left, for its sinuosities were many; and now and then, where the pools looked trout, we dropped in a line for the speckled creatures with indifferent success. We had brought no worms for any way-side fishing, meaning to stop short of nothing else than a big muscalonge from the lake. Worms are not to be had at a venture, especially among the dry earth of mountain-sides from which the moisture has run off. In vain we turned over large stones, tore the bark from decayed trunks, and delved with a stick in richer places. A few wrigglers were all which could be obtained. Grasshoppers, which are admired by the 'speckled,' had not yet made their appearance. Wherever you see saw-dust floating in the tide, you may be well assured that there are no trout. I have wandered on the banks of streams in these mountain solitudes and felt almost *scaly*, so trouty did they appear. I had a full basket in imagination, a 'noble string;' but soon the white particles denoted the existence of some saw-mill, perhaps two or three miles off, and no fish were to be had. There is too much civilization in the roughest part of this country for the sport of angling, too many saw-mills, too many district-schools, too many 'smiling villages.' (Villages are the best-humored places in the world, and, according to our orators, must be always on the broad grin.)

'Toward evening we descended into the smooth and extensive meadows of Orleans county, which presented a grateful contrast to the rough hills, and arrived at Irasburgh, the county-seat, which was then full of lawyers, as the Court was in session. This county is celebrated for its horses. Wherever you go you hear the squealing of blood-colts. They are superb creatures, solid, well-formed, well-compacted, strong-winded, with flashing eyes and arched necks, and hides as sleek as a horse-chestnut just out of the shell. Every farmer's boy delights to own one. With what pride he leads him away to water! how he likes to show off his antics at the end of a long halter! He is the theme of all his conversation; and being thus well equipped, there is nothing which makes his eye light up so much as the anticipation of a 'nice little trot.' 'Hallo! BILLY, what you got there next the wheel?' 'Why, don't you remember? That's CHARLEY.' 'I wanty know! I thought you'd swopt him for a gray.' 'Ne-o.' The race of Centaurs is found now-a-days, and nothing is new which has not been once old. This occurred to me from seeing many a little group at way-side taverns curiously inspecting and walking round some clean-limbed nag on the way to Lake Memphramagog, and from finding horse-flesh in the *pot-pourri* of many a social confabulation on the way to Lake Memphramagog.

'The farther you get from the centre of civilization, you expect to find the features of the country more savage. But we were now approaching other centres, for there is a broad sweep of splendid arable lands about the cities of Canada, and the smoothing hand even stretches over the borders. JONATHAN casts a wistful eye across the hedge, and thinks that he could beat JOHN — in ploughing. The worst

of it is, that you can find no wilderness which *howls*. No doubt, if the ear was acute enough, you could hear the faint echoes of the wolve-packs which barked around the first settlers, mixed up with the blows of the axe and the crash of primeval trees. Their undulations and their ululations keep on still, and will never die away. But the ear is dull, and can catch nothing but the clatter of saw-mills, while the more antique and delicate sounds are fairly drowned by the blarney of dinner-horns, and fresh and clarion voices of young Shanghai cocks. Within a few miles of the lake, however, we entered a wilderness which might be called *howling*, *a non howlendo*. There must be yet in it the vocal organs of the humorous grizzly and the lank-jawed wolf, which could get up a respectable chorus on a hungry winter-day. It was as wild a spot as I have ever seen, except among the classic Kaatskills. Just before you reach the Kaatskill Mountain-House there is a place, on the one hand an ocean of white rolling clouds, from which an aeronaut might drop a plumb-line two miles before it would reach the church-steeple and coralizing processes of civilization, and on the other an inextricable and superb solitude. I visited it with J. M. M., a choice friend. We passed into this wilderness, which I shall now describe, through a deep gulf or gulch. Humanity tapers off and dwindles away at the entrance. In a sandy opening at the edge of the woods we saw a log-cabin, and any quantity of villainous rags strewed about, and some seven or eight children, among whom all colors were amicably distributed, from sooty blackness to a dirty cream-color, while their curly pates inclined to flame red. The squalid mother sat at the door, but the patriarch of the flock was absent. French, Indian, and negro all mixed their ingredients in the family cauldron, and a 'slab' compound they made of it. We entered a dense primeval forest by a road which lay at the bottom of the woody gulf, and which for five miles is of most gorgeous and primitive wildness. It would have required a clear conscience to pass through it some fifty years ago, like his who chanted the praise of LALAGE in Sabine grove, for it is *ultra terminum*. With the aforesaid hut, all modes of life for the next few miles terminate, except those known to the fox, the 'possum, and the raccoon. Sheer and steep the mountain towers on your left, perhaps a thousand feet in height, and its sides are covered with a thick vegetation, and the bodies of fallen monarchs, which lie with their crowns downward, or across each other, just as the fury of the storm has cast them prostrate, while above is a dense and massive forest, where the sound of the axe has not been heard. On the right, also, are solemn groves, through which the black waves of a stream, covered with water-lilies and swamp-like, slowly glide. The air has a cucumber-like coolness, and only the 'sun's perpendicular rays can illumine the depth' of this gulf. A few years since my friend met a well-conditioned Bruin in the pass; but the latter was not disposed to be talkative, and gruffly turning about, he scrambled up the acclivity with a great cracking of sticks, while the stones rolled from under his feet as if they had been cast by a catapult. Truly, thought I, this looks like a fitting approach to Lake Memphramagog. How solemn and how massive was the gloom. Many hundred feet above our heads the gigantic roots laid their last grappling hold upon the rocks. 'O DOUGLAS! DOUGLAS! if departed ghosts——' It was, indeed, a great cavern, a grotto five miles long, with a translucent key-stone which just let in the day. With what a decorative effect must autumn paint its hectic colors in the subterranean chamber, when the wild ivy trails over the hemlocks and larches with its crimson and scarlet leaves, and festoons the place with glory! How superb must it be in winter, when a crystal colonnade shall run through it, and the magnificent icy shaft and stalactites adorn it, and the rocks ooze out ices like amber and plum-tree gum! But then would Bruin be hungry, and as some people grab

your hand in their great paw in such a way as almost to break your bones, so do those whom Bruin wraps in his cordial embrace, when he says to them in his affectionate way, 'Come to my arms, my friend, my darling!' fall stone dead.

'Emerging out of these thick shades, we soon caught sight of an arm of the lake, and on ascending a hill the lake itself burst with all its charms upon our sight. Water, water, water! I call out for water with an exasperated cry. If you have ever lived on a beach of the far-sounding ocean, or on an armlet of the sea, where you have been wont to walk upon the white sands and pick up pebbles, to see the flouncing of the big porpoises as they disport them in the brine, to hear the stridulous cry of the wild-duck, to watch the electric vivacity of his movements when he dresses his sleek plumes, or stretches out his long neck, and then plumps with a shrill cry of delight into the delicious waves; if you have watched for hours the sails as white as an albatross' wing, or the shadowy fleets by moonlight sailing noiselessly as if through a sea of phosphorus, and on the confines of the spirit-land; if your eye has got accustomed to the water with its perpetual movement, and you have then been transferred to land, where all things are solid, all is motionless, and nothing but the fogs which roll in the valleys resemble the heaving deep, how does the heart beat with old affection when you look once more upon a broad and glittering expanse of waves. *O pescator dell' unda!*

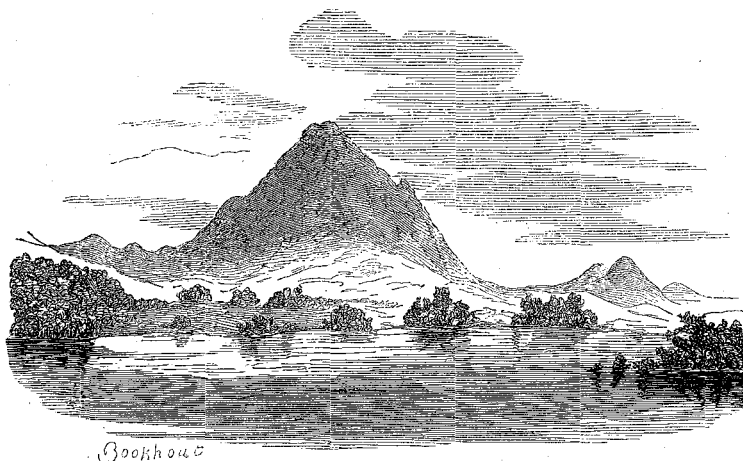
'We arrived at PAGE'S, at the head of the lake, and the place is called Newport. It is as yet destitute of the fashionable follies of its namesake, but it has many charms which have been found out by people in the Canadas, who frequent it in great numbers. The host, among other delicacies, furnishes his table with an abundance of muscalonge. It is a rarity even at the lake, monopolized on the spot, and very few, except as a favor, are sent abroad. The epicure rolls it as a sweet morsel beneath his tongue. A supply of this noble fish had been just brought in. Those which I saw were about as large as a good shad. The host called my attention to a mistake made in THOMPSON'S Gazetteer of Vermont, with reference to the form of the spots, that they are not roundish, but triangular. The muscalonge called forth some remarks at the late Scientific Convention. Professor AGASSIZ knows him, head, tails, fins, and vertebrae. The flesh, I observed, is white, and not red like a salmon.

'There is a little steam-boat which plies once a day to Magog, at the end of the lake, and returns, stopping at Owl's-Head Mountain-House and intervening places; but the captain is very obliging, and will let out any one anywhere; he will also return to the wharf and take you up, if you have tarried too long at your breakfast in consequence of an inordinate appetite for muscalonge. That is more than can be said for any North-River steamboat-captain whatever. I made an excursion in his boat, which is small but comfortable and with a good promenade above :

'The day was fair, the sun shone bright,
And scattered all the gray fog,
When I embarked with spirits light
Upon Lake Memphramagog.
O Magog!
Fair Magog!
When I embarked, with spirits light,
Upon Lake Memphramagog.'

It is Lake GEORGE on a larger scale, although the waters are not so transparent. It is thirty miles long, and three or four in breadth. At the head of it the scenery is bold and grand, and reminds one of the Hudson River in the neighborhood of the Highlands. Owl's Head (of which I inclose a correct drawing taken by a friend)

is a prominent object in the landscape, and the view from that summit is scarce excelled for extent and variety by that of any other peak :



'Having steamed through the lake, and dined at the 'smiling village' of Magog, we set out to return in the afternoon. At Georgeville, half-way back, the captain found a small party of young persons who wished to attend a circus that night at Magog, and he very kindly consented to put back for their benefit, and also to wait with the boat until the scenes in the ring were concluded. We tarried at Georgeville until one o'clock, when the boat with the play-goers arrived ; and at that hour the moon having arisen, and the air being bland and soft, I paced the deck, conversing with a friend, until we reached Newport. Memphramagog is a little gem, and its shores present the most beautiful sites, which are at present unoccupied. The scenery on all hands is exceedingly picturesque. I rode ten or twelve miles to Stanstead, just beyond the line, and there, from a rising ground, saw a most magnificent country, undulating fields as smooth and trim as any in the State of New-York, inclosed by a perfect amphitheatre of mountains whose blue summits were seen all around at the distance of sixty miles. Farther on, when you reach Sherbrook, the landscape is dotted with English cottages. Many and pleasant are the excursions around Newport, and because at present it requires some little pains to reach it, it would be all the more admired as a place of summer resort. I had resolved on starting to fish for muscalonge, and to bring home a large box of them, but it was beyond my ability to catch any. They swim in too deep waters, they are too bashful, too blushing in their modesty as they glide about in the cool, sequestered, and crystal-line parlors of the deep. And I wish to confess that to catch many fish is some how or other *not in my line*. Coax them I won't. They must bite quickly, or I'm off; and when, after a fair trial of half-an-hour or so, they do not estimate their great privileges, I 'do n't seem to take no interest in them.'

'I observed no sail-boats at all in Lake Memphramagog, but a number of rude canoes. Indians there are none, although this must have been a favorite hunting-ground in old times. About forty years ago an interesting relic was found in this vicinity, the work of a red brother, a chart of the rivers St. Francis and St. Lawrence, and also of the great lakes, inscribed with charcoal on beech-bark, with all the points and indentations of the shores correctly drawn. My furlough being up

at the end of the week, I mounted the box of the stage-coach in old style, and after travelling all day so many parasangs, as XENOPHON has it, arrived at the 'smiling village' of Stowe. The next morning at six o'clock, with a chain of majestic mountains on the right, among which the peak of Mansfield stood preëminent, I proceeded in the same way toward my journey's end. We had not gone far, when three enterprising girls came out from a house by the road-side, and stated their wishes to ride upon the box. They were assisted up into the highest seat, and were lively and communicative as they breathed the mountain air. One of them directed my attention to an excavation on the bank of a stream. It was made by a returned Californian, who had found some traces of gold, and bought the farm. When the former owner found out that it contained the precious ore he was 'dreadful sorry.' I have yet two more excursions which ought to be performed before the season is at an end. One is to the sources of the Saugenay River, and the other to the romantic regions of the Saranac. F. W. S.'

GOSSIP WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS. — Among the papers in the last issue of our contemporary, *'Putnam's Monthly,'* is one entitled *'The Poetry of War.'* The very name of the article shocks us — the *'Poetry of War!'* In it are discussed the 'ocean style of war,' (generally 'more poetical than land-battles,' more 'picturesque than the regulated movements of a land-armament,') and the more common, 'natural, and congenial land-fights!' Ah! gentlemen, there is but little poetry in war! If there be poetry in it, here it is, as recorded nearly twenty-five years ago in these pages, by the lamented TIMOTHY FLINT:

'AFTER many gorgeous scenes, in which princes have conferred honors and swords upon commanders, who are to go forth and fight manfully for their country and king; after beauty and innocence — strange infatuation! — have smiled upon the future murderers, and with their white hands have waved them on to their bloody purpose; the terrible pageant, externally all glitter, pomp, and circumstance, and within all horror, disease, corruption, and misery, marches with its squadrons and divisions, its cavalry and artillery, banners displayed, pennons streaming, and martial music resounding; and as the squadrons move on in their regular and serried ranks, the admiring multitude from city, village, and field, gaze with quickened pulses and throbbing bosoms, and say, as the host moves on, 'This is glorious war!'

'The grand army, plundering alike friend and enemy on its passage, has passed the broad stream or mountain-range, or frith of the sea, that separate their country from that of the foe. Long columns of smoke stream up from their line of march, indicating that villages are burned, and fields trampled in the dust; that unoffending peasants that know nothing of the cause of the invasion, contribute their last blanket and last loaf; it may be are harnessed to the artillery to drag forth the cannon to fire upon their kindred and countrymen. Their wives and daughters are violated under their eyes; and their fathers and mothers and helpless infants are left to die of destitution and despair, as they are forced away as prisoners of war. These are the exploits which have been consecrated with fasting and prayer!

'In the progress of march, a distance of country many leagues in extent has been desolated with fire and blood. Before them are green fields and populous villages, and a country bright and beautiful, with all the cheerfulness of cultivation and life. Behind is desolation and strife. Their foe has been preparing to meet them; and now hun-

dreds of thousands of soldiers, waiting an appointed signal to murder each other, are separated only by a narrow interval, which the desolation of war has not yet touched.

'We are told that it often happens in such cases, that the sentinels of the opposing armies, the night before battle, meet, exchange salutations and mutual kind offices, but a few hours before they are called out to cut each other's throats. In what strong relief do such facts present the guilt of those merciless rulers, who thus convert men, formed to love and help each other, into deadly enemies!

'The signal is given to go forth to the terrible work. Forthwith the explosion of artillery, in long-repeated and terrible bursts, is heard. Squadrons of cavalry thunder over the plain. Steel clangs with steel in the desperate conflict of life for life. In the midst of smoke, darkness, and the infernal din of all that is astounding in the last fierce efforts of human nature, wrought up to the infuriated recklessness of revenge and despair, the combatants feel a strange unconcern and indifference to life; a madness like that which arrack and opium give to the desperate Malay; which they feel in no other position; an indifference which renders them careless to consequences, and causes them, with an unblenching eye, to note the streaming carnage, and hear, without feeling, the wild wail of death-groans around them! For a moment the central arena is a *mêlée* of infantry and cavalry in wild confusion, in which the clang of sabres is heard over the fierce shouts and the cries of agony. The veteran mercenary, trained to coolness even in this horrid scene, watches with eye and hand, and braced muscle, the moment to thrust home his steel to his opponent's bosom; happy if, while intent on that issue, an unwatched foe seize not the unguarded moment and vital space, and give *him* the death-blow he was meditating for another. Some of the fallen wretches are uttering loud cries for water. Others implore the passing friend or foe to finish their agony. Over the bodies of the wounded trample the cavalry at the height of their speed. The grinding wheels of the artillery plough over half-expiring victims deep in the soil. Others, still breathing, still supplicating mercy, are thrown beneath masses of the dead into the fosse, to make a bridge of bodies. On this point of fierce conflict, a park of artillery is finally brought to bear: and victors and vanquished, and the untouched warrior in the thickest of the fight, are promiscuously swept away in columns. The loud 'hurrah!' of the conquering assailants, pursuing their foe, is replaced by the low and expiring moans of the dying.

'Such is BATTLE! Forty thousand young and vigorous men lie dead or dying on the field. Thousands of war-horses are scattered in confusion among them. Greedy and heartless plunderers, the vampires of battle, are gathering up the wrecks, stripping the dead, and giving the last fatal thrust to the wounded; while intermingled among them are friends, relatives, children, parents, wives, searching and yet fearing to find among the fallen those dear to them as life. Such is the central part of the picture: while burning towns, and a smoking and a desolated country, in all the visible distance, form the back-ground.

'Extravagant, and abhorrent, and out of nature as this spectacle may seem, it has been represented with the reality of horrors a hundred-fold more revolting in every period of history, and in the fairest portions of every civilized country.

'The battle, however, is past; a battle fiercely contested from the rising to the setting sun of a summer's day. What heart would not sicken at the horrid spectacle? What ruler, whose nature was not waxing fiendish, but would pause before he yielded any contribution of influence to produce a scene thus abhorrent and accursed in the sight of God and men! My heart bleeds at the sight! — for all these fallen were my brethren; with nerves as susceptible, hopes and fears as intense as my own; and they had equal claims to continue to caress their children, behold the bright sun, and exult in feeling life, and admiring God's beautiful creation? I look abroad where yesterday there were so many thousands of men, with hearts beating warm, so many villages, groves, farm-houses, peasants, birds singing in the branches, and the hope of harvest waving in the breeze. It now presents smouldering ruins; a soil polluted with blood, and covered with corpses — a picture all loathsomeness and horror. The scent of carnage has

already allured the birds of prey, and they are sailing above this scene of human madness and depravity, presenting at least one of Cousin's vaunted 'compensations' of the horrors of war — a gale, which has brought the vultures a gratuitous feast.

'Were I to follow the letters and messengers to forty thousand dwellings, announcing to mothers, fathers, brothers, sisters, widows, orphans, the names of the slain; were I to attempt to delineate the general result of sweeping disease in all the immediate vicinity of the battle; and of individual poverty, helplessness, and despair, blasting the bereaved cottages, (for most of the fallen were dwellers in humble cabins,) the picture of misery would be too vast and indistinct to produce a clear perception of the result. Life-blood poured out as water may have swollen to a river, without presenting the eye and the heart with a distinct conception of the amount of misery which had been caused in consequence.'

Such, brother '*Putnam*,' is the true '*POETRY OF WAR!*' Read '*A Voice from Sebastopol*,' a work by a Polish captain in the Russian army, recently published by MURRAY of London, and you will see that in no respect is the foregoing picture over-drawn, even in our time, when 'peace on earth and good will toward men' ought to have more nearly approached the accomplishment of its 'perfect work.' Captain HODASEVICH's account of the crawling along the ground, after the great battle, of the hundreds of poor mutilated wretches, all groaning in agony, and such as *could*, holding up the mangled remains of their torn limbs, makes quite a 'verse' in the last piece upon the vaunted 'poetry of war.' - - - A PLEASANT correspondent in Chicago, Illinois, from whom we shall be glad to hear again, writes us 'as per margin: 'In your July number appeared some very graceful lines, entitled '*NIGHT*:' in response to which I inclose a dozen, not so pretty, upon '*MORN*:' and forthwith the writer proceeds to hold forth as followeth:

'I HEAR through the drooping vine-leaves
That over the lattice lie,
The feathered minstrels' carol sweet
Salute the eastern sky,
As the goddess unlocks the gates of day,
And the waking world rolls by.

'It has ceased, but the notes still linger
Upon the fragrant air;
And the gentle lesson is left behind
To teach us everywhere,
To welcome the dawn of HEAVEN's light
With the melody of prayer.'

'THE above is only a pretext for the introduction to the notice of your readers of the following 'hincidents,' *quorum pars minima fui*, having been an eye-witness and participator therein — an accessory before, at, and after the fact. They came upon me 'in a heap,' as stars are marshalled in constellations and great men come in groups; and as a solitary laugh is a very poor sort of thing, here goes:

'On a visit of condolence to my friend M —, suffering under severe affliction in the loss of a beloved mother, I had the misfortune of listening to the ensuing 'consolation' administered to my friend and his father, by a sympathizing female in weeds, something between a MIGGS and a widow WATTLE, who was more than suspected of designs on one or the other, nobody knew which, and she did n't care: 'Oh! it's no use to mourn! To cry for spilled milk never did any good! Depend upon it, nobody gains nothing by sorrowing: and I'm sure I ought to know, for I've buried a father and a mother, two husbands, and *any* QUANTITY OF OTHER

CONNECTIONS.' Ye gods! think of estimating your deceased relatives by the 'QUANTITY'! One might as well compute one's living friends by the gross!

'The end was not yet, however. Turning to the father, she exclaimed: 'And I say the same to you, Mr. W——. It's no use to mourn. It's just as Col. E—— said, when he lost his Third—think he's living with his Fourth, isn't he, Mr. Z——?' (appealing to me.)

'Yes, Madam, I believe he is.'

'Well, as Colonel E—— said when he lost his Third, 'it's no use to mourn for what is passed: we must look forward to what is to come.'

'She killed two birds with *that* stone!

'It so happened that I had the pleasure (I should say so if it were not so melancholy an occasion) of attending the obsequies of this lady's 'Second' some weeks before the above-mentioned advice, and after the service, while partaking of certain 'funeral baked meats,' she inquired how 'the Thing went off?' (not her husband, but the funeral.) I replied that every thing was conducted with marked propriety and the utmost decorum. 'Perhaps so,' was her answer; 'but that red curtain on the middle parlor-window was hung *so* slantin', that I didn't hear a word of the prayer for fear the minister would notice it: he's dreadful obsarvin'!' She mourned for her 'Second' with a vengeance. I am happy to say, however, that she is still looking forward to 'what is to come!'

'She belonged to the same family with the widow who, when the procession quickened its pace a little, declared: 'It's no use to make a *toil* of a *pleasure*!'

The bitter funeral grief recorded above, reminds us of a similar 'burst' which we once encountered in the '*Evening Post*' daily journal, from a correspondent, if we remember rightly, in Indiana. A bereaved husband, standing by the open grave of his deceased wife, 'refusing to be comforted,' said to a friend, as he turned toward him, and laid his head on his shoulder: 'I've lost horses, and I've lost cows—and I've lost likely calves and shoats—but *I never had any thing that cut me up like this!*' Wasn't that an 'afflicted mourner'? - - - 'I saw a party in a 'saloon,' the other night,' writes a correspondent at Grand Rapids, (Michigan,) 'who were all 'pretty well elevated,' but the most sober, or rather the least drunken of them, seemed to realize his position, and was endeavoring to get his companions to go home. They insisted upon his taking a parting drink, but he 'had got enough, and when he *had* got enough he *knew* it.' Finally, upon their promising to leave if he would take one more 'snifter,' he asked the bar-keeper what it was that the others were drinking. 'Monongahela' was the reply.' 'Well,' said he, 'give *me* a tumbler-full,' and it *was* filled and *emptied*, too. Pretty fair, I thought, for a man who 'had already had *enough*, and *knew* it!' They take 'big drinks,' however, in this part of the country. Speaking of 'big drinks': in Oswego, a few weeks ago, several gentlemen were watching the operations of a 'Grain Elevator,' and a discussion arose as to the relative merits of several patents. Various opinions were expressed, and the matter was at last referred, by general consent, to an individual present, who had taken no part in the controversy. His decision was, that the best grain elevator *he* knew was *Old Rye*. He was unanimously pronounced 'a DANIEL,' and the crowd 'elevated' forthwith, in acknowledg-

ment of his wisdom. 'One more,' and then I am done. I think I met the best-natured man in America, recently, on the Michigan Central Road. We had had an inebriated passenger a-board, who was continually rushing about with a brandy-bottle, inviting some body to 'take-nip.' As his attentions were principally confined, however, to a party of Methodist preachers, and one or two elderly sisters, who were returning from a conference, I hardly think they were appreciated as fully as he probably anticipated. After a while he fell asleep — then woke up, decidedly irritable. As the cars made a stop, he staggered up to a mild-looking young gentleman with spectacles, and asked him the name of the station. The mild young gentleman replied, 'I am a stranger here, Sir.' 'A stranger!' said our brandied friend, drawing himself up with intense dignity, and speaking with a force that aroused all present: 'I did n't ask you, Sir, your pedigree, nor where the d — l you came from, but I wan't to know — the name — of this — station!' 'I do n't know, Sir,' was the response, very faintly. 'You 'do n't know,' eh? Then why did n't you say so at first, and not keep me bothering here? I hate a fool!' The mild young gentleman looked anxious, and the next moment was missing, but presently returned, looking perfectly happy, and informed his querist with great apparent satisfaction, that the name of the station, he had learned, was Chelsea. Would n't he make a 'model husband'? We should think he would! - - - HEAR our fair and favorite correspondent, from her new and delightful residence 'among the mighty hills':

'LOVE and MIRTH and BEAUTY meet,
To scatter fair flowers at my feet.'

'ONCE more among the mountains! Six long weeks have I been sojourning by the sea-side, and fairly pining for the sight of them;' and the first morning after my arrival here, as I threw up my window and gazed upon the glorious prospect before me, I involuntarily exclaimed: 'Thank GOD for MOUNTAINS!' Most of my time for the last five years has been passed among them, until they seem to have become a necessity of my nature, and to be identified with my very life and being.

'Very dear to me are the 'GREEN MOUNTAINS' of Vermont, whether rejoicing in their summer beauty, or covered with the white snows of December; and many a happy hour have I spent among them. The ADIRONDACKS, the mountains of my native State, hold also a place in my heart; for nestled among them is *Chateaugay Lake*, and our dear 'CAMP COMFORT,' where I have fished, and hunted, and roamed in the grand old forests, or floated upon the bright waters, and dreamed away the rosy hours. The mountains around LAKE GEORGE are like old and faithful friends, and seem always to welcome me with a smile; and my heart is filled with happy, peaceful memories even now, as I write of them; and the WHITE MOUNTAINS of New-Hampshire, ('Monarchs over all,') have their pleasant associations too! Can you wonder, then, dear reader, that I love mountains?

'Well might JENNY LIND call this spot the '*Paradise of America*,' for I know of none that so well deserves the title; and I really wish I could give you some idea of the glorious view which I am now enjoying: but it is perfectly impossible, as no pen could describe, no imagination picture it.

'The Connecticut River is just below us, winding in and out among the mountains, its fertile valley covered with the rich broom-corn, and some fifteen or twenty

little villages scattered about; the houses half-concealed by the beautiful trees which surround them; and the church-spires glittering in the sun-shine. There is a calm beauty in this scene, which cannot appeal in vain to any heart, or fail to call forth its higher and better feelings. And one can never *tire* of its loveliness, for it is ever changing. Each day I discover some new effect of light and shade upon the mountains — some new bend in the river below. One of my first wishes after my arrival here, was to ascend MOUNT HOLYOKE: and it had only to be expressed to be gratified. Every arrangement was made; the day was bright and beautiful; and we were all feeling in good spirits and good humor. The country was looking deliciously fresh after the recent rains; and for the first mile or two our conversation consisted principally in exclamations of delight at the beauties of the scene through which we were passing. We soon reached the ferry, where a couple of skeleton horses form the motive-power that propels the boat across the river; and we had exhausted our epithets of compassion upon them long before we reached the other side. Soon after we left the river's bank, the road began to grow very steep; and one of our gentlemen, who had quite as much mischief in his composition as was at all needful, was describing the probable result of a breakdown, when a sudden crash put an end to his story, by rendering it a reality! Something had given way, for the horses were capering, and the carriage was sliding down-hill! Of course, one lady out of the three screamed; the gentlemen jumped out; succeeded in stopping the carriage, and getting *us* out; and then they went to ascertain how serious the injury really was. They returned with the report that we should either be obliged to wait there until the man could go back to the village and get his carriage repaired, or *walk up*! I at once decided to walk, and the rest agreeing, we started up the mountain.

'At first the road was good, and it was all plain sailing; and we thought it strange that people should make such a fuss about walking up Mount Holyoke; but by-and-by the ascent grew steeper, the path more stony, and we began to think that like Jordan, Holyoke was a 'hard road to travel.' And when we reached the place where we could take the steam-car, there were many votes in favor of that movement: and I found myself nearly alone in preferring to continue my walk: but there was one kind friend who preferred accompanying me; and so leaving our utilitarian friends to come up by steam, we proceeded on our journey. The path became gradually narrower and steeper, but with a little assistance from my companion, I managed to get along quite nicely. The air was fresh and fragrant, and the little birds sang as joyously as though they wished to welcome us to their mountain-home, and the soft sun-light peeping between the thick foliage of the tall trees, cast flitting shadows on our path-way; but the gay laugh and lively repartee showed that there was no shadow on our hearts that day.

'Every little while we stopped to rest and enjoy the view, and then went on again with renewed vigor; and long before we expected it, we found ourselves emerging from the woods, and approaching the '*Prospect-House*' which is on the summit of the mountain, and found that our friends had not arrived yet, as there had been so many before them waiting to take the car: so we set to work to make ourselves comfortable; enjoyed the glorious view and the delicious coolness; and finally, following the memorable example of our friend DOESTRICKS, we 'procured a glass of beer!'

'By this time it was announced that 'our friends were coming up:' so we went out to welcome them. The appearance they presented was perfectly ludicrous! Four people seated in a small sleigh, and being drawn up a perpendicular ascent

by a single cord, and all looking as frightened as though they had just been condemned to be hung; the little engine puffing away, and the little Frenchman who tends it, looking as grave as though the fate of empires was swayed by his *petite* locomotive. Our friends gave such a terrific account of their rail-road journey that it quite inspired me with a desire to try that mode of descent, for I do dearly love a *new* sensation, and terror would have been an entirely new one to me; but I am sorry to say I did not have the pleasure of experiencing it.

'When we were sufficiently rested, we went up into the Observatory; and here the most beautiful scene I ever beheld was presented to my view. It seemed as though I was standing on the highest point of the earth, and that all the world was within my sight! But to come down to actual fact, we *could* see the mountains of five States, and twenty or thirty towns in Massachusetts and Connecticut. The valley below us, with its fields of corn, wheat, oats, and meadow-land, looked like a patch-work bed-quilt, and the men at work upon it seemed to be so many ants. Pretty little villages were scattered about in every direction; but they reminded me of the toys one buys for children, so diminutive did they appear. Yet I could not help fancying them the abode of peace and contentment; for surely the calm beauty of such a scene might quiet grief and should subdue the passions. That delicious air must bring health to the ailing, and renewed vigor to the weary.

'While I was speculating in this wise, some less enthusiastic individual touched my elbow, and displaying his watch, declared that it was time for us to be on our way homeward. 'I found the descent in the car perfectly delightful; and was quite charmed with the idea of being carried over the ground without any visible means of locomotion: really I think *that* the 'poetry of motion!' If it could only be brought into general use, what a capital thing it would be for lovers! No horses to attend to; no coach-man, with open ears and eyes over his shoulders; and no troublesomely-curious fellow-passengers to over-hear conversations which are so charming to those for whom they are intended, but so excessively 'flat, stale, and unprofitable' to a third party. I wish some enterprising Yankee would act upon my suggestion: I think he would make a fortune by it.

'We drove home through Hadley, which is the most quiet place I ever saw. I have driven through it many times, and never saw a human being; but this time we were more fortunate; for we *did* obtain a sight of a girl sitting in a window, a cat, and a small boy.

'When we reached home, we took some slight refreshment after our drive; but remembering the serious effect of cold water on our friend DOESTICKS, we religiously refrained from indulging in that dangerous beverage. We all concluded that it had been a delightful day, and one to be remembered; and I only regret that I have not been able to do it more justice: but as well might I attempt to give you a 'realizing sense' of a glass of champagne by mere description, as to put on paper the pleasures of such a party. Indeed, my life here is a perfect succession of indescribable pleasures. I have been just in the humor to find every thing delightful, because I was happy. This place reminds me more of an English country-house full of guests, than of an ordinary hotel or watering-place. There is so much sociability among us, and such a general desire to be agreeable. I have heard people say they did not think a summer resort a good place to choose a wife or a husband. Now I have an entirely different opinion; for I think that it is just *the* place to draw out real character. That is one of my favorite studies, and here I have plenty of material to amuse myself upon, and might serve up one or two for your amusement, if I were not fearful they might be recognized, and give offence to the originals. There are

beautiful woods adjoining the house here, where I loiter away a good many pleasant hours: and indeed I was accused of flying over them the other evening on a broom-stick, and with such a pleasant companion as the report assigned me, I should n't have the slightest objection to try such a trip. I then might probably realize my ardent desire for '*a new sensation*;' and I am convinced it would be an agreeable one.

'But I must bid you adieu, for I have half-a-dozen other things to do beside sitting here scribbling. I intend to

'GATHER my roses while I may,
For time is still a flying;
And those that bloom so bright to-day,
To-morrow may be dying!'

'Round-Hill, Northampton, August 30, 1856.

J. K. L.'

Written 'like a bird!' - - - OUR old friend 'Dow, Jr.,' in one of his late 'California series' of Sermons for the '*Golden Era*,' weekly journal, of San-Francisco, 'throws himself upon the subject' of 'our colored brethren.' We beg leave to remind brother Dow, however, that he is mistaken on *one* point. He says that 'NATURE or ART might as well undertake to get up a rainbow with a black streak in it, as to bring about a *blue*-complicated specimen of mortality.' Not so, by any means. We have a '*Blue Man*' in New-York, 'as blue as an indigo-bag,' who can be seen on any pleasant day, in the public thoroughfares. Moreover, we have seen many *another* man 'blue' in the streets of Gotham, and not a few, who were 'very *green*;' together with some extremely *red* specimens, a good 'variety' of which are the jolly ale-bibbers of Old England. But we are 'disturbing meeting' and interrupting the sermon:

'I HAVE a fancy that the CREATOR has produced the different families of the human race *as they are*; breeds and mixtures, all over the world, being as easily distinguished from pure native stock as are mules from horses and jackbottoms. Certain portions are made for certain zones, climates, and localities. Transplant them in foreign, uncongenial soil, and they dwindle, deteriorate, and eventually run out. Who supposes that a flourishing crop of polar bears or Greenlanders could be grown at the equator, and perpetuated sufficiently long for them to turn into a 'horse of another color'? — or that an Ethiopian would ever have his wool straightened and skin bleached amid Arctic frosts and snows? I do n't.

'My friends: climate never made the nigger: on the contrary, the nigger was made for the climate. No climate in this known world possesses such a remarkable peculiarity as to cause a downy fleece to cover caputs well enough adapted to the propagation of hair; to flatten a nose and produce an under-lip capable of seating outside a tobacco-quid too bulky and ponderous for inside duty. Nor is there a soil upon earth sufficiently productive to bring out a heel from the foot that presses it, of such perplexing length as to place its proprietor in the darkness of doubt as to whether NATURE intended him to go ahead or proceed backward — whether he should draw a shoe on over the heel or over the toe. No, my brethren, the nigger was made for the climate and its attributes, even as the Arab and the ostrich are adapted to the dreary, unwatered sands of the desert. The brush of Nature has painted him black — the prevailing color of all animals that inhabit the torrid zone — in order that he may withstand the powerful influence of caloric. Because why? Black, being a conductor of heat, the latter readily escapes through it, to the relief and safety of the body, just about as fast as the sun with his fiery arrows can shoot it in. And then how a nigger will sweat, and grinningly weather the crisis of a 'heated term,' when nine out of a dozen of the flimsy

'white trash' would lop and keel over from cerebral congestion! Yes; and don't the nigger, thus tested, exhale a most powerful perfume? Assafoetida, burnt shoes, and onions! — the otto of roses, musk and essence of pole-cat are but the weakest of odors in comparison. His instinct is as nothing compared with his outstinct. Who ever heard of a nigger being knocked out of life-light by a sun-stroke? Nobody. As for old SOL planting his biggest knocks upon a nigger's wool-patch with the expectation of doing damage, he might as well experiment upon a cast-iron dinner-pot, or try his best licks at the big bell of the Vigilance Committee. Of a truth, a nigger can stand *hot* equal to SATAN, or a salamander; and it's this that renders him so useful a biped in the burning fields of the South, where a white-skin, if put to hard labor, would find little or nothing left of himself to take home to supper, at the close of the first day.

'My brethren: there are some who assert that the nigger is, by nature, equal in intellect with the Anglo-Saxon; and that, had he the *same advantages*, he would raise himself to as high a notch in the scale of humanity. I should n't wonder if they could prove it; just as easy as I can prove that my little terrier-dog knows more than I do: he can 'smell a rat' and tell where it is, at any time o' night — and that passeth *my* comprehension.'

We read the above a moment ago to 'Black SAM,' our Rockland County colored orator, and he said: 'Ji jis ask dat ministrum what he might do, s'posin' his rat-smellin' instinct was *edumcated* like a dog's? Ah! ha! — dere you *see*! Question on *dat*. Guess you git him *dere*, sartin sure! E'yah! e'yah! e'yah! e'yah!' - - - To RECEIVE 'a compliment' is a pleasant thing: but very various is the style of conveying 'that same.' Now, within the short space of time which sufficed for us to pass down the glorious Hudson to our beloved metropolis of GOTHAM — the home of our business, and the scene of all our mature affections — and to return to our little Cedar-Hill Cottage, we experienced *two*, which are memorable. For it was pleasant, (and, as was once remarked to the hazy and mysterious 'Mrs. HARRIS,' we 'll 'not deniges of it,') it *was* pleasant to see the compositors to-day, as we were passing through the composing-rooms, playing at setting types over our desultory talk in the 'Gossip:' bobbing as if they were really at work, and picking up ghosts of letters with invisible fingers; their lips moving, and their eyes and faces laughing at something we were saying to them on the slips of paper upon the cases before them. 'T is pleasant to remember that such things *were*, that were most pleasant to us.' (SHAK.) Also most gratifying was it to us, on the same day, at the Cottage, to hear a hasty visitor for a day from town (and a rememberable *night*, too, 'by'r Lady!') say, as he took one of our quill-pens from the 'ten-tined' antlers of the bronze stag that forms our ink-standish: 'I see this is one of the pencil quill-pen holders that your friend Mr. ELLIOTT, the preëminent portrait-painter, gave you, and of which you made mention in the KNICKERBOCKER. They were faithful and true in *his* hands: and what he did with them as a brush, you are doing with a quill!' Ha! ha! Egotistical 'praps:' but *that* compliment 'happified' us for a whole day. If it had been *true*, we would n't have let our children play with the neighbor's children for the next two months. As it is, they commingle promiscuously, and all have the hooping-cough together, including little ABE, the black boy, whom our urchin wanted us to kiss last winter, when his face was not in condition: *he* has got the 'colored' kind; and sometimes coughs and

whoops to that degree, that he becomes 'black in the face.' 'Hoops' are in great demand for ladies' dresses: a friend of ours says he can supply the market from native productions in his own family; each and all being down with this most uproarious disorder. - - - The following is an extract of a letter from the lamented WILLIS GAYLORD CLARK, to his old and warmly-esteemed friend the late DAVID GRAHAM, Jr.; both 'gone hence to be here no more forever.' The letter, which is long, versatile, and exceedingly characteristic, bears date the ninth of August, 1832: 'My dear fellow, the CHOLERA is making dreadful ravages here. The report to-day is one hundred and fifty-four cases, and fifty-eight deaths. How the sublimity of thought; the aspirations of a heaven-lit spirit, panting after immortal renown, and ranging through the long vistas of memory, and the glittering empire of the imagination, are dependent upon the coats of the stomach, and the arrangement of the abdominal viscera! Is n't it astonishing, DAVID? What *are* we? — what our pride, our ambition, our up-lifted fancies — our hates, our loves? Baubles of an hour; glittering motes in the sun-beam of Health, that the breath of miasma or the clouds of the evening may smite into non-existence! I tell you what, GRAHAM, it makes one *think*: but most of all, it makes him *regular*. Thank God, I always *was* so, and so are you: but it seems to me that if we desire the boom of LIFE — and oh! what a gift it is! ('for a living dog is better than a dead lion,') we must crucify the fleshly appetites; whereupon I have ceased to chew olives, which are my passion, and betaken myself to rice, well-baked bread, and port-wine. Let me advise you, DAVID, to follow the same course.' - - - 'MACE SLOPER' and 'H. P. L.' (they '*brithers* be, and a' that') have often made our readers indebted to them. 'Meister KARL,' one of the most original and sparkling of our modern essayists and humorists, is of the same 'group' and 'formation.' 'Bricks' both. Hear 'H. P. L.' state '*How the Muskrat Question was Settled*:' and when his new book appears, buy it, '*just for fun*':

'WITHOUT farther preface, thus JOHN JARSEY commenced:

"'Taint no use argooing the p'int long with the old 'Squire, coz you know he's the most opinionated man you ever see. I guess him and me, fust or last, have talked it all over dozens of times, and he never will 'low as how mushrats are fit to eat. He says it's agin natur' to eat rats, long as ennything else is to be picked up: mebbe he's right, a'ter all: but I tell you I took him in on that p'int 'bout the nicest you ever heerd tell on. You now, don't you ever go to let on to him that I told you 'bout it, less the old man would certain sure get riled, and I don't want no ill feelin's twixt him and me.'

"I'll never say one word to him about it. I would like to hear how you ever got him to eat a musk-rat, for I've heard him often argue the point, and always declare, that although their skins might be worth something, their flesh was only good for crows.'

"Yes, that's the old 'Squire all over: he's as contrairy an old creetur as ever run on two legs. Won't never 'low he's wrong; and he'll call black white till the cows come home if you on-ly set him to argooing. How I showed him that mush-rats was good to eat was *this* a-way. You see last Spring-meetin' the 'Squire come down from Squash P'int, (he's one of the head men,) and, as he always does, come right to my house and puts up. Wal, the old woman she was glad to see

him, and so we all was : fact is, the 'Squire's mighty good company of ef he *is* a leetle opinionated : every boddy has their short-comings. Wal, we all went over to meetin', fust night he come down; and Brother HORNBLOWER he held forth, and a hull lot of fellers experienced religion — 'mong 'em old BOB GRIMES' boys; and take it all in all, we had every reason to be mighty cheerful, seein' things on the rise in a relidgius way. After meetin' was out, and while I was gittin' the hoss and waggin out to drive us hum, BILL WOOD he comes up, and a'ter some hemmin' and hawin', he lets on to the 'Squire, how he had a hull lot of mush-rat skins he'd like to sell him. Now the 'Squire 's olways ready to bite at a good trade; so he buys them skins off hand; an' that's the way we got talkin' 'bout eatin' the creetures, goin' hum in the waggin from meetin'.

"'Nex mornin' airly I goes down to the mash, an' while proguein' round I got a shot at some black ducks, and knocked over a couple on 'em. In the traps I'd sot the day afore there was half a dozen mush-rats; so gittin' on 'em all, I went back to the house an' found breakfus' ready: an' the 'Squire, soon as I come in sight, he begins jokin' 'bout my rats, an' wants to know ef I was goin' to turn JOHN CHINAYMAN, and eat 'em up? I seed my ole wooman kind a laugh, as ef she had some fun goin'. Wal, we eat breckfus: then I went out to the barn to skin the rats. Putty soon out comes the old wooman, and sez she to me:

"'JOHN, don't go to throw 'way oll them mush-rats; I want one of 'em, a'ter you've got the hide off.' An' then she laughs fit to kill. I did n't 'spicion p'raps what she was at, so I gin her the most fattest one of 'em.

"'Dinner time come, an we oll sot down, old 'Squire bein' pretty sharp-set, an' fell to, lively as could be. Old wooman had cut up the black ducks in pieces, and made a brile of 'em. Wal, the 'Squire he could n't praise the old wooman's cookin. enuf. He said, '*he'd* never eat such sweet ducks afore — was n't nothin' sedgy about 'em;' an' he kept on eatin', ontel the old wooman had to git up and cook more duck jes to satersfy him, though he 'lowed he did n't want her to make no fuss 'bout *him*.

"'We got through and then riz up, and old 'Squire an' me lights seegars an' goes out an sits on the fence under the big willow tree, talkin' over the corn, and oll 'bout the creeturs an the meetin', an' so on. Bime by I goes into the house to git another seegar, an' then the old wooman ups and tells me how she had cooked the mush-rat 'long with the ducks, and we'd eaten of 'em at dinner. Fust go I felt mighty riled up an' kind of mad, coz I'd forgotten oll 'bout givin' her the mush-rat, but the ole wooman she laffed so that putty soon I hed to laugh too, seein' how the old 'Squire had ben drawn in. So I got a seegar and went back to the fence, and a'ter talkin' a while to the 'Squire, I ups and tells him how he had eaten mush-rats for dinner. He would n't believe the fust word of it: sed he could tell 'em *by taste*, though he'd never eat none afore in his life! And a'ter I'd prooved to him he *had*, he was mighty wrothy, an' I was a'most afeerd at one time he'd hitch up and drive off, but he got cooled off 'fore long; had a good strong laff; an' declared to Grashus that I mus n't never let on to a soul 'bout it, an' 'bout how I'd *Settled the Musk-rat Question!*

"'And I never hev!'"

Is n't that a 'slight mistake?' - - - We have not before spoken, although we ought so to have done, of a very excellent and beautifully-executed weekly journal, published in Philadelphia, under the editorial management of J. M. CHURCH, Esq., formerly editor of '*The Bizarre*,' of the same

city, before it passed from under his direction; a literary gazette, edited with decided talent and good taste throughout. It is called '*The Fire-Side Visitor*'—a felicitous title, by the way, suggestive of a pleasant circle of variously-minded but unanimously-pleased readers. The '*Visitor*' makes itself welcome by well-stored columns, original and selected, and by the careful editorial direction and genial spirit which its columns indicate. It has our best wishes—the best we could express—for the success which it has already shown it *deserves*, and for that more ample favor which it bids fair, in its consecutive issues, to earn. - - - ISN'T 'MRS. PARTINGTON a 'perfect bird?' We have always known her as an eminent humorist and a trenchant satirist: but until lately, we were not aware that she was a 'science-woman.' She *is* though. Hear what she says in relation to the great agent, Steam: 'They ought to b'ile their water ashore: you'd never hear of a steam-boat b'ilin' its buster, if they didn't cook their steam aboard!' Is there any doubt of the truth of this? - - - '*Daisy's Necklace, and what Came of It*,' is the mysterious title of a volume by one of the most promising of our young American poets, Mr. T. B. ALDRICH. It will soon appear, from the press of Messrs. DERBY AND JACKSON. We have good reason to anticipate its complete success. - - - MANY thanks to the '*Constant Reader*'—and we are as 'glad' as *he* is, that *he is*, and has *been* so, so long—for the subjoined '*little gems*:' 'I heard a pretty good thing last week, which I think you will appreciate. A young friend of mine was engaged in teaching mutes. He was explaining by signs the use and meaning of the particle '*dis*,' and requested one of them to write on the black-board a sentence showing her knowledge of the sense of the prefix. A bright little one immediately stepped forward and wrote the following: 'Boys love to *play*, but girls to *dis-play*. — A LITTLE 'wee' friend of mine was out on the green looking at some fire-works last Fourth-of-July night, and was struck with the height the rockets attained. Just as I started a large one-pounder, which seemed in rising to excel all the others, she exclaimed: 'O Papa! God will catch that, won't he?' I was perfectly satisfied with the success of our private 'Fourth-of-July.' - - - 'THE writer of the accompanying documents,' write Messrs. MILLER, ORTON AND MULLIGAN, the prominent metropolitan publishing-house, to the EDITOR, 'evinces a laudable ambition to get himself 'into print;' and we know of no *vehicle* which will carry him before the public in a manner so satisfactory to all concerned as the 'Old KNICK.' On two or three occasions when he has honored us with a personal interview, and a proffer of his MS., we insinuated as gently as we could, without wounding the tender sensibilities which are supposed to vegetate in the poetic soul, that *poetry* was not at all in our line, and suggested our Boston friends, TICKNOR AND FIELDS. He again turns to us, attracted by our reputation for issuing 'colored books;' and we, as a last resort, appeal to you, hoping you may be able to give him the desired notoriety.' Well, 'here goes:' but we suppress the name and place, because we would n't wound the feelings of even a humble 'colored poet.' Poor fellow!—he is willing to *pay*, too; to stand between his publishers and loss. 'T is n't all

'white folks' that have done that, by a long shot. That's a good joke, though, is n't it, about his *printer* making 'mistakes' in putting the 'true copy' in type? But to the 'pistel':

'TO YOUR HON. SIR:

'D —, Aug. 23, 1856.

'MR. MILBER AND CO.: I TAKE the liberty to write you a few lines, as you are publishers of books, and as I have seen you once or twice, and have shown you a few peices of my work that was written in poetry, and my life is added to it. So that it is called, by all who has seen any of it, interesting, for they can hear the history of an reformed Runaway, one of their own acquaintance, and can read for themselves a large asortment of poems on slavery, on deaths, tales, anecdotes, and &c. My poems are quite well, noted as to their being a genteel and tasty assortment. I have circulated ballads for near three year, as well as written some for a paper printed here; I have put out many ballads, and gave notice that I ment that they should be published, and I intend that they may be yet: the publick says that it is not common to see a colored poet, and are determined to purchase a book. I have salls almost daly from near and far for to know how soon they can have one: and now I would ask you to be kind enough to send me a correct statement of publishing books, as far as it is necessary for me to know, what you will publish a book for, about two thirds as large as douglasses book. the life has about one hundred pages on foolcap. I would not recomend my book to any one, but whosoever should publish it will be recommended by prominent men. I give any one the Chance to publish or assist in doing so, because my present situation does not alow me to do so on the account a means: still if it does not Cost too much I may do it in a few months, or perhaps six months or a year.

'I therefore ask you to give me the full particular what you will publish it for, although I will be unable to put out as many coppys as ought to be put out for the call there is for it. I should only put out what few Coppys is necessary for to suiet the people of this town, and not as many as would be sold here if I had them published.

'I send you this Circular to show you the title of my book, the printer made some mistakes in printing the poetry, but that does not interfere with the true Copy.

'Pleas tell me how many Coppys I must be bound to return you the Cash for, in order to have you publish them, and remember, that good recommendations from prominent men will be brought, with full particulars to satisfy you that there is no fraud:

'pleas send me a letter soon, for I wish to have it in some publishers hands some time this winter a coming.'

(Yours, etc.)

Now, reader, when you see announced by any large publishing-house in our Great Metropolis, '*The Old Bog-Meadow House, or, Lonely Cottage, My Life and My Poems, Written by Myself, and affectionately dedicated to the Honor of my Faithful Friends,*' lose no time in securing a copy. It cannot fail to be 'rich and racy.' - - - HAVE we among our readers, in the metropolis or elsewhere, any who are '*united in means*'? If this be indeed so — and the best of securities will be required — we commend them to the following '*speculum*.' It is a veritable document: all *printed*, in the circular, except the name of the *article*, the *plant* whose qualities it *resembles*, and the *country* where it grows! These, with the *locale* of the farm, and the amount proposed to be raised by loans, are all left in *blank*, and in *our* '*speculum*' written in. The names, numbers of the streets, etc., are real; but for obvious reasons are here suppressed. The notes of admiration are not sparse; but one should see the *various* typographical arrangement, fully to understand '*the beauty of the thing*.' But listen: and remember that what may strike you as errors of the printer, are nothing of

the sort: they are simply the *sound* of the words represented, in the ears (they must be long) of the foreigner who uses them:

'MY DEAR SIR!—I HAVE taken the liberty of addressing you in order to being to your notice a new and important discovery, that I have recently made for the production and manufacture of Vegetable *Sweet-Oil*, equal in every respect, if not superior to that imported from Europe. I know a plant! ('I know a bank,' etc.,) possessing precisely the same qualities as that of the (*Olive Trees*) of (*Italy!*) from which (*Sweet Oil*) can be manufactured as one half its wholesale price. It is my desire to introduce into the United States this new and important discovery—but being *united in means*, I am unable to do without assistance, and to obtain this, I appeal to you. The introduction of it will require about five thousand dollars, which will be disposed of as followvz:

For the purchase of a Farm in (<i>Westchester</i>) County, (<i>N. Y.</i>) . . .	\$ 4000
For management and machinery,	" 1000
	<hr/> \$ 5000

this sum I propose raising by loans of \$ (Five) each, for which I give a certificate of loan, bearing 7 per cent interest and which I promise to repay from the second year, secured by a Bond and Mortgage on the farm and a policy of insurance on my life for \$5000—to be held as security by the senders. In addition the senders will receive a share of the profits arising from the manufacture equal to from 10 to 15 per cent on the amount loaned, and on paying in the amount of the subscription will receive gratuitously a lithographie of WASHINGTONS residence at Mount Vernon, Virginia, lithographed by myself, of which is exposed for sight a original painted by myself by F. W. G ———, JR. 293 Broadway.

'The senders who have instruet me to adept this method of introducing the matter, have selected F. W. G ———, JR., Esq., to receive and hold the securities and to receive for myself the monaies loaned: he will have the 'superintendency of the matter and of whom all desirer information may be had. Hoping that you will contribute towards this important object by returning the enclosed slip to F. W. G ———, JR., I shall deliver immediately to you a check as certifiat of indebtiduers.

'I am Sir!

'your humble servant

'O ——— H ———, SENR.

'*New-York, 27 Agst., 1856.*

• 'References.

'I WILL agree to accept the superintendency and management of the above manufacture and the oversight of the work, as desired by many of my Friends.

'F. W. G ———, JR., — Broadway.'

'GRATIFIED to see! that Mr. F. W. G ———, JR., Esq., will superintend for the security of share on check-holders the establishment of the above-mentioned manufactory, I beg that I know Mr. O. O ———, since more then two years and think him talented and experimied enough, to succeed in his undertaking and deserving of the necessary assistance.

C. F. VAN B ———, — William-Street.'

This flattering proposition was accompanied by the following 'certificat':

— '1, 1856.

'I AGREE to loan to O ——— H ——— the sum of ——— Dollars on the terms mentioned in his printed circular of 27 August, 1856, to enable him to introduce the manufacture of Sweet Oil from his newly-discovered process and to be paid on delivery of the certificate of loan.'

And *this* was accompanied by the subjoined *private* note to the EDITOR:

'SIR!—Permit me to beg your resolution next days in person, while Mr. G ———, JR., is in his office scarce, which will be closed every day at 3—4 o'clock in the afternoon.

O. H.'

Well, if Mr. G ———, JR., 'is in his office *scarce*' at the hour above-named, we shall make *ourselves* 'scarce' until *after* that hour, in presenting our invaluable 'certificat'! - - - RIGHT 'foreinist' the publication office of the KNICKERBOCKER, in the superb building of the Brothers APPLETON, is the new and noble office of '*Porter's Spirit of the Times*,' a new journal, after the manner of the old one, (which will be continued as usual by 'The GOVERNOR,' who, in his last issue, promises additional attractions,) which was so well conducted for more than a score of years, by the 'Tall SON of YORK.' Mr. PORTER is one of our oldest contemporaries. We began our periodicals nearly together, and we have 'pulled together' ever since, in a common cause—have n't we, WILLIAM? Well, success to you, say we, with all our heart! But save the feeling, 'which well he knows,' this is somewhat adscititious; for the very first number of the new journal opens with an actual subscription, as we are informed, of over *twenty-four thousand copies*! We take the subjoined from the '*Express*' daily newspaper, every word of which we most conscientiously and cheerfully indorse:

'If there is any true appreciation among us, for frank, manly feeling, and an honest, straightforward career of usefulness, it should respond in this community to the new effort of Col. WM. T. PORTER, the veteran editor of the *New-York Spirit of the Times*. He is now endeavoring to establish a new '*Spirit of the Times*,' to be distinguishable from the *old* by the prefix of his name to its title, and the exclusive benefit of the exercise of his talents and experience as its editor. Some peculiar circumstances, we understand, have unseated him from the saddle he has so long and so creditably occupied. We are now, it seems, to have him on the same course, with a fresh horse, and with all the old correspondents and contributors for his backers. The vocation of Col. PORTER has been of value and importance. His twenty-six years as the monitor of manly sports in this country, cannot but have had its moral effect. His aim has ever been to humanize and refine those tendencies in this connection, which, without the maintenance of a due standard of manly feeling, are ever tending towards a degrading influence. We are confident, from the well-established character of the editor, his acknowledged talents, and his unrivalled experience, that '*Porter's Spirit of the Times*' will be worthy of his reputation, and the place it will of course occupy, as the organ of the Sporting, and other interests, with which he has hitherto been strongly identified.'

It should be mentioned that, to avoid errors, subscribers and correspondents who desire to communicate with the *old* '*Spirit*,' are requested to direct to 'JOHN RICHARDS, publisher, New-York:' the address of the *new* journal being, '*Porter's Spirit of the Times*,' APPLETONS' Building, Number 348 Broadway. Mr. PORTER's partner in his new enterprise is Mr. GEORGE WILKES, who will devote his energies to the business department, to which he brings not only practised capacity, but a liberal supply of '*the wheels*,' and that which oils *other* wheels, and keeps them moving. Moreover, he himself wields a most vigorous pen; having a style, terse, simple, forcible, *direct* and *correct*, always. The new '*Spirit*' is beautifully printed, and has a portrait of Mr. PORTER. - - - We have received, through a friend in Buffalo, from the lithographic press of MESSRS. WARREN AND BUELL, of that city, a *fac-simile* of the original manuscript of '*Ye Murther by ye Three Thayers*,' which we recently published. The first copy of this doleful ballad is now, and always has been, in the possession of Mr. HASKINS, Sen., of Buf-

falo. What a manuscript it is, to be sure! This great 'pome' owes quite as much to the chirographical ability of its author as to his poetical talent. The queer part of it is, that the author's name was never known. Not all the notoriety which he has achieved has sufficed to draw him out of his hole. '*Stat nominis umbra*' must be written of him, as of his 'illustrious predecessor,' the great JUNIUS! - - - 'EYES right!'—ears erect!—and listen in silence to the following announcement: Some time in the near future will be issued from the press of MESSRS. DERBY AND JACKSON, of our city, the following: '*The Complete Works of Mr. K. N. Pepper, Esq., and his Friends up to Date!*' Won't there be fun *there*? ('Oh! no—*certainly* not!') There will be many novelties: PEPPER's Biography, by PODB: his Juvenile Poems and Letters; with many other matters by '*a friend of his,*' one clever 'JACQUES MAURICE.' - - - THE subjoined caused us incontinently to 'snicker.' A tall, green sort of a well-dressed fellow, walked into a Broadway saloon the other day, where they were talking politics upon a high key, and stretching himself up to his full height, exclaimed, in a loud voice: 'Where are the Democrats? Show me a Democrat, gentlemen, and I'll show you a liar!' In an instant a man stood before the noisy inquirer, in a warlike attitude, and exclaimed: '*I am a Democrat, Sir!*' '*You are?*' 'Yes, Sir, *I am!*' 'Well, just you step round the corner with me, and I'll *show* you a fellow who said I couldn't find a Democrat in the ward! Ain't *he* 'a liar,' I should like to know!' - - - We hear, with sincere and deep regret, of the recent death of Dr. SAMUEL L. METCALF, late of Philadelphia. All the early readers of the KNICKERBOCKER will remember the remarkable papers which he wrote for this Magazine upon '*Life,*' '*Atmospheric Electricity,*' '*A New Theory of Magnetism,*' '*Molecular Attraction,*' etc.; papers which attracted the attention of the first scientific minds in England, and made their author widely and most favorably known abroad. He repaired to London, where he lived for several years, assiduously engaged, often under difficulties of no common order, in the preparation of his great work on *Caloric*, which stamped him at once as one of the scientific lights of the age. This work, we hear with pleasure, his bereaved widow purposes to re-publish in this city or in Philadelphia. It could not fail to be received with the highest favor by the scientific world. We learn that numerous marginal notes to the English copy, in pencil, impart a greatly-added value to the work. The reviews of the volume in England were in the warmest degree commendatory; and the letters written to the author from the first scientific minds in England and America were of the same exalted character. Dr. METCALF was a man of great simplicity of character, and his style was a model of purity and directness. He was a most kind husband and a devoted father, and was warmly esteemed by all who knew him. For such a loss we can only offer to his bereaved family our sincere condolence and sympathy. - - - A PRETTY French girl, a resident of Reading, (Pennsylvania,) who had not *quite* mastered the English language, wrote the annexed '*power of attorney*' to be sent abroad, and submitted it to the 'obliging correspondent from whom we receive it, to ascertain whether it

was in 'due form.' He gave her another, and kept the original 'as a curiosity'—and a 'curiosity' *it is*, 'and *no* mistake:'

'I UNDER written PIERRE JOHANNES, blacksmith, living in Reading, Pennsylvania, (United States of America,) constitute for my general and special mandatory Madame SCHLOSER ANNA, (my mother,) widow of PIERRE MARTIN, living in Hombourg district, St. Avot. (dept. de la Meuse) to whom I give power of, for me and in my name, to touch and receive of all which belong to me, all sums which are or which will be owe to me, by any persons, for any cause, and for any title that it may be.

'I bear and arrest all account, with all debtors in fix the remainder: *accept in payments all debts, Merchandise, and others values, which may be offert, to grant terms and delay, take all agreements with all debtors, and make same to them all a part of the remittance.*

'To the default of payments, and in cas of contestation, exercee all pursuits, constraints, and diligence, to cite and to appear before all offices and conciliations, to reconcile one's self, else to make application before all superior tribunals, constitute and repent all avowee, plead, oppose, rise, obtain all judgments and decrees, to get set them at execution by all ways of rights, same by those of the inseparable seizure; of all sums received, give receipt, give rise hand and consent to the eradication of all inscriptions, oppositions, and other empeachments, remit all titles and pieces substitute.

'*Made in Reading, June 23, 1852.*'

Clear and pellucid 'as mud!' - - - To a 'poor and proud' person who was perpetually boasting, in the worst possible taste, of his ancestors, an industrious, successful tradesman observed: 'You, my friend, are proud of your *descent*: I, on the other hand, am proud of my *ascent*.' This was said in England, and reports 'progress' there. *Here,*

'HONOR and shame from *no* condition rise:
Act well *your part*—*there* all the honor lies.'

A true American sentiment. - - - A 'SMART' Debating-Club in Indiana are engaged in discussing the following question: 'Which is the proudest, a girl with her first beau, or a mother with her first baby?' As if there could be any comparison! Why, the mother, of course. STUPID! *Ask* the first young mother you meet. - - - THE nomination of Mr. JOHN N. GENIN for the Mayoralty is warmly advocated in many of our metropolitan journals. We 'second the motion' cordially. Mr. GENIN has indomitable energy, and would labor indefatigably in the discharge of his duties as Mayor, while his private character is above reproach. Every New-Yorker will remember the way in which he 'went to work' when all 'corporate' efforts had been asked for in vain, and kept that great thoroughfare, Broadway, as clean as a house-floor. That's the way in which he would 'signalize his office.' We trust he will have the opportunity. - - - 'A VERITABLE 'knick-knack,' (so says 'ARMONCK,') 'occurred at a recent camp-meeting at Portchester, N. Y., which is well worth a place in the 'Editor's Table' of the KNICKERBOCKER Magazine. One afternoon during 'religious services,' and while a 'preacher' was in full blast in the middle of an exhortation, a pious-looking 'brother' stepped up to the 'stand' or pulpit, and after telling the preacher to 'hold up' for a moment, made the following announcement, in a clear, ringing tone, but with the usual Methodistical 'twang: 'Sister Stevens is in

tent No. 49; and if brother Roberts is on the ground, SHE WANTS THE KEY OF HER TRUNK!' Brother ROBERTS immediately arose and proceeded to the tent of sister STEVENS, and the preacher resumed his exhortations, as if nothing unusual had happened.' - - - SOME years ago, 'so we hear,' in one of the back counties in Pennsylvania, BARENT VAN NUYS 'fell out' with BROM VAN PELT 'concerning of' the misdeeds of BROM's dog, and in his wrath swore he would, at the first opportunity, kill that valuable animal 'deader as ter Tuyvel.' Horrified at the threat, and solicitous for the welfare of his quadruped, BROM went 'full chisel' to the Justice of the Peace, made oath of the facts of the case, and prayed sureties of the peace against BARENT. Deeply impressed with the turpitude of BARENT's conduct in the premises, the Squire issued his warrant, and shortly afterward BARENT appeared before the offended majesty of the law, 'supported' by a constable. After sternly reprimanding the defendant, and inveighing in fitting terms against the infamy of 'sich doins,' His Honor took BARENT's recognizance in the sum of one hundred dollars, conditioned '*that he the said Barent Van Nuys would keep the peace toward all the good dogs in the State of Pennsylvania, but especially toward Abraham Van Pelt's dog!*' A 'true copy from the record,' as we are credibly assured. - - - LET us say, in all kindness, to the author of '*George Washington Pigge in Gotham*,' THOMAS TICKLE, Esquire, of the Country-Bar,' that if there is any thing in the literary world of America, that has been literally 'done to death,' it is the pseudo-Yankee dialect that he has adopted. We are 'sick and tired of it,' and never wish to see or read (but the last we *won't* do, to please any body) a line of it again in the world. There, Esq. TICKLE, 'put that in your snipe and poke it!' - - - THE 'Fall of the Old Charter-Oak of Hartford,' (Conn. ;) PETERSON's new and very beautiful duodecimo edition of DICKENS' Works; opening of the 'Rockland County Female Institute;' MABEY's Forthcoming Poems; 'The Catholic Church in the United States;' Rev. T. H. STOCKTON's new and important Religious Enterprise; 'Souvenirs of Saunterings Abroad;' 'The Power of Argument on a Dutch Baker;' 'The Genius of the Practical;' 'September Scenes at 'Cedar-Hill Cottage;' DIX AND EDWARDS's Advance Edition of 'Household Words:' 'American Manorial Architecture and Park Culture'—these are papers and subjects, with other matters, which have been literally *crowded out* of the present number.

THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC.—THE ITALIAN OPERA has opened this season with unprecedented success. Those who believe with us that we have not amusements enough, will rejoice at the liberal support our enterprising friend MARETZEK is receiving. As Brother FULLER truly and sagely remarks of music, 'One can be intoxicated with its delicious draughts of an evening with no resulting head-ache in the morning. It is better than cards, or billiards, or the gossip and oysters of an evening party.' The STAR OF THE NORTH, which is now in active preparation, with new scenery and decorations, will be sure to have a run, and, long may it shine.